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### THE BRIDE.

BY A. E. M.

It hath passed, my daughter; fare thee well!
Pledged is the faith, inscribed the vow,
Yet let these gushing tear-drops speak,
Of all thy mother's anguish now:
And when, on distant, stranger shores,
Love beams from brighter eyes than mine,
When other hands thy tresses weave,
And other lips are pressed to thine—

O, then remember her who grieves
With parent-fondness for her child;
Whose lonely path, of thee bereft,
Is like some desert lone and wild,
Where erst a simple floweret grew,
Where erst one timid wild bird sung;
Now lonely, dark and desolate,
No bird nor flower its shades among.

And when thy children climb the knee,
And whisper, "Mother, mother dear!"
O, then the thought of her recall
Thou leavest broken-hearted here;
And as their sinless offerings rise
To God's own footstool, let them crave
A blessing on her memory,
Who slumbers in the peaceful grave.

When care shall dim thy sunny eye,
And, one by one, the ties are broken
That bind thee to the earth, this kiss
Will linger yet—thy mother's token,
'Twill speak her changeless love for thee,
Speak what she strives in vain to tell,
The yearning of a parent's heart——
My only child, farewell! farewell!

# WON AT LAST;

—OR,—

## Love's Strategy

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC.

### CHAPTER II.—[Continued.]

"YOU must have suffered much," I said involuntarily.

"I have," was the quiet response.

"Let me understand you clearly," I said. "You do not wish me to sit with you or to instruct you in any way, to help you with any studies, or to try to amuse you."

"No," she replied, "do not attempt any of these things. We shall dine together every day at six, I suppose. All the rest of your time is free."

"At least," I said with a smile, "I must find another name for myself; it seems to me that I shall be anything but a companion."

"Try and make yourself happy, Miss Linden," said the young girl, earnestly. "You will find everything in the house at your disposal, and Mrs. Dean will be only too happy to wait upon you."

She turned to the window as she spoke, and evidently considered the interview at an end. I rose to leave the room, saying, as I did so, "I shall be happy to be of use to you whenever you require me." I gave one farewell look at her. The listless hands had fallen again, and the dreamy eyes were fixed upon the water.

I cannot deny that when I reached my own room I felt rather desolate. Books and music are most delightful, but a human heart does long for human interests; it cannot be otherwise. I had this large luxurious house all to myself—everything in it at my use, but I felt very lonely. If there had only been a little child, whose hand I could have clasped in my own while I talked baby nonsense to it, I could have been happy. I wondered with an aching heart, what could be the mystery shrouding the life of the young girl I had just left. What could have so utterly extinguished the light and brightness of a life only beginning? How was I to live under the same roof, and yet think of her as though she were dead? I longed to know her secret, not from curiosity, but that I might better understand how to arouse her.

I wandered about the house. It differed in no respect from other houses, save that it was more magnificent. The dining and drawing rooms were splendidly furnished there was a pretty morning-room, but the library had attracted me more than any other part of the house. I found the rooms on the first floor were exclusively kept for "my lady's" use. I did not of course venture near them. There were several guest chambers, and ample accommodation for all the servants. The housekeeper's room was at the far end of the corridor that led to the library.

There was no flower garden; nothing excepting a few shrubs and evergreens were planted round the house. I saw that my only resource was to make employment for myself, until I found the way and means of arousing the poor lady into something like life.

I liked the drawing room, and determined upon making it my place of refuge. The windows overlooked the beach and the sea; I could watch the tide rolling in and going out. I placed my drawing board there and fetched all my music down stairs. Fortunately for me I knew something of German, and I resolved to continue the study of it; so that between the fine arts and my books, I could pass the time not only profitably, but agreeably. The day seemed rather long in spite of my persevering industry; do what I would I could not for an instant forget the weary young face and sad eyes forever gazing on the wide waters.

Mrs. Dean was evidently anxious to hear if I made any remark about her young lady. I think I won her heart by my silence. I never in any way alluded to the interview, nor did I ask any questions until after events justified my doing so.

I was startled myself at the first sound of the piano in the dull, silent house. I played the gayest waltzes, the wildest dance music I could remember; but neither merry nor sad music drew the young girl from her solitude. I looked forward to the dinner hour with some curiosity. I made my toilette as carefully as though preparing for a large party. Dinner was served in great state in the dining room; the butler was the only servant in attendance.

To my great surprise the lady of the house had made no change in her dress. I had hoped for a little conversation; but beyond the civilities of the table, she made no remark. I formed my own plan; I determined to wait and see what time would do.

So the days passed on, drearily enough I must confess. Sometimes, on Sunday, I drove to the village church. I never saw the lady of the house, save at dinner. I never saw her walk or drive, or take a book in her hands, or do anything save watch with unwearied eyes the wide, heaving sea.

"How long," I thought to myself, "is this to go on? How can she have borne it so long? What is the mystery that makes her dead in life? I must know it." I never heard any name given to her; the servants all addressed her and spoke of her as 'my lady;" no visitors ever came near, and no letters except for me. Once in every six months Mr. Wilson came down, and had an interview of some minutes' duration with Mrs. Dean; sometimes he saw his ward, if she felt disposed to be seen. All the tradesmen's bills were made out in Mrs. Dean's name.

The quiet, the pure sea breeze, and regular early hours, had been very beneficial to me. I could boast of roses now; my heart was light, my spirits were good, and I longed with all my strength to be of some use to the pale, drooping girl, who seemed to be dying because she did not care to live. One day I had been down to the beach, there was a glorious breeze, and I enjoyed it heartily. It sent me home with bright eyes and a glowing face. When I went to prepare for dinner, I chose a pretty rose colored crepe dress, and smiled when I saw what a picture of radiant, glowing health my glass presented. Mrs. Dean, who came to consult me about some trifling business, started when she saw me.

"Oh miss," she cried, "I would give the whole world to see my young lady look like that."

Her eyes filled with tears as she spoke. It was the first time she had ever in the slightest way alluded to her mistress, and I eagerly seized the opportunity.

"I would gladly," I said, "give the poor young lady the greater share of my health and strength; for I am quite sure, Mrs. Dean that if she leads this life much longer she must die. She will literally pine away."

"Do you think so?" said the poor woman. "What can be done for her? This life is her own choice. No one can move her, or make her any different. I have tried all I know."

"I wish, for her own sake, that I knew more of her," I said. "I might then be able to help her."

"I would tell you all, miss," said the old woman, resting her hand upon my arm; "but she has pledged me not to do so. When we left our own home to come here, she made us take an oath never to speak of her history, to say who she was, or to utter her name—but to think of her as though she were dead. I took the oath, miss, and dare not break it; but if you could only win upon her to tell you her story, it is a very sad one, and it might do her good."

"I will try all I can depend upon it, Mrs. Dean," said I; "for I cannot bear to think of her sitting all day doing nothing but watch that never silent sea."

I determined to begin my siege that very evening.

As soon as dinner was over she rose, as usual, to return to the library. Going up to her hastily, I said, "May I ask you a very great favor?"

"Yes," she said with a faint smile, the saddest I ever saw on a young face. "What is it?"

"Will you promise to grant it to me?" I said, imploringly. "You can do so—it is in your power."

"I promise, then," she replied, still with that far off look in her large dark eyes. "What is it?"

"It is this," I said: "I have learned a song on purpose to please you. Will you do me the favor to spend one hour in the drawing-room with me, so that I may sing it to you?"

She seemed rather embarrassed, as though she were seeking some excuse.

"Please do not refuse me," I said. "I have fixed my heart upon this little pleasure."

"If you desire it so earnestly," she replied, "I will not disappoint you; but indeed, Miss Linden, I do not care for music."

Delighted with this half reluctant concession, I led the way to the drawing room. Since I had taken possession of this charming apartment, it had quite lost the desolate aspect it wore when I first arrived at Ingledew House. I had procured a flower-stand, and had filled it with the most fragrant of my favorite blossoms, mignonette and the purple heliotrope. Music, drawings, and books, scattered about, gave an air of cheerfulness to the room.

I saw the mistress of the house start as she entered it.

"How bright and gay the room looks, Miss Linden!" she said.

"Yes," was my smiling reply; "I am a great advocate for cheerfulness in every shape. To my idea, it is a great virtue. I think those who wilfully neglect to cultivate it are guilty of a grievous wrong."

She looked at me in some surprise.

"How can any one be cheerful, Miss Linden, who has a hard and bitter sorrow to bear?" she said.

"Easily," I replied, "by making a vigorous effort. It is only the weakest of the weak who give up their lives to silent repining; the good and the brave make their very troubles a source of blessing in one way."

"You have strange ideas," she said, quietly; but I saw that my words had taken effect; her attention was aroused.

I drew the pretty velvet lounging chair to the window, and placed it where she could inhale the fragrance of the flowers. Then I went to the piano, and began the song I wished her to hear. It was an old and very simple one, but I never heard it sung without tears, every note, every word, seems so full of tenderness and sorrow—an old Scotch song, but one that has touched many a heart—"The Land o' the Leal." I sang it as I felt it.

"I'm wearing awa' Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean."

Those words might well apply to the pale silent listener near me. If ever life was wearing away, without effort or care to save it, here was.

"Sing it again, please," she said, when I had finished.

I gladly complied. The sad, sweet music sounded strangely in the large room; the very echoes seemed to linger. I turned to look at her and ask her if she liked it. Ah, how thankful I was! The hard, bitter, impassable look had gone from her face—it was human once more; the lips, so stern and cold, were quivering; warm tears filled the dry, wearied eyes; her little hands were tightly clasped; she was looking out at the sea and sky, but it was not the face I had seen an hour before.

Where is the heart that music cannot touch? Think of the gallant soldiers who on the eve of the battle sung "Annie Laurie," until the heights around echoed with that sweet song. Many a heart turned to bonnie Scotland, with its heather and purple hills; many bright eyes saw again the fair young "Annie" who had wept when he left her, yet bade him 'God speed;' and many a brave heart that on the morrow lay low in the dust thrilled with emotion.

So my little simple song had worked its sweet way into that cold and seemingly frozen heart. There its melody had stirred memories that had long been dead and silent; or why those tears? They made me love her, for they showed me that in spite of her apathy, her reserve and gloom, she was human. Before she had time to observe that I had seen her, I turned again to my piano.

Old Scotch ballads have always been my favorites. In some of them the melody is so exquisite, that if heard for the first time in a fashionable opera-house, all the world would rave about it. I sang "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and wondered whether it was a "fause lover" who had darkened the life of the sad and melancholy girl. Then my fingers of their own accord, as it seemed, began the sweetest of all the songs I know "The Last Rose of Summer."

I was enjoying it in my own fashion, when I was interrupted by something that sounded like a sharp cry of pain.

"Do not sing any more, Miss Linden," she said; "I cannot bear it."

"I am afraid I have tired you," I said. "Do you never sing yourself?"

"No, I have never tried," she replied. "I know nothing of it."

"I think it a great pity," I said. "Your voice is so musical in speaking, that I am sure you would sing beautifully."

"Do you think so, Miss Linden?" she said. "Will you try now? I will play for you."

"No," she said, nervously, "not now; not at all. Of what use would it be to me?"

"It would be a source of great pleasure to you, and perhaps to others also," I replied.

"To others!" she repeated. "No, I am dead to the world; I am only alive to think, and to try to hate."

The gloomy, dull, listless look came back again.

"Good-night, Miss Linden," she said, for the first time holding out her hand to me.

"Good night," I replied. "Shall you be very angry with me if I say one thing? I beg you will not suspect me of any curiosity or design"

"Say what you will," was the listless reply.

I looked up into her face with a smile.

"You cannot imagine," I said, "how awkward it is to speak to you without giving you any name. Will you give me one that I can call you by?"

"My name," she cried, passionately; "I will not speak. No one shall speak it to me. Miss Linden, tell me the name of the most miserable woman that ever lived, and you shall give it to me."

"Ah me," I said, "whom shall I select from the long roll of sufferers? Women

have lived and died in such misery and torture, as you even cannot dream of I think," I said, "you are more like Tennyson's 'Mariana' than anyone else, only you live in a house by the sea, instead of in a Moated Grange."

"Who is Tennyson's 'Mariana?'" she asked, eagerly.

'Have you never read it?" I exclaimed, in utter surprise 'Why, I thought every one knew it. Will you be kind enough to remain here one moment, I will fetch the volume and read it to you"

Glad to have awakened her interest at last, I hastened to my room for the book. When I returned she was standing by the flowers, bending over them.

"How beautiful this fragrance is, Miss Linden!" she said, and it was almost the first voluntary remark she had ever made to me.

"It is," I answered. "I consider flowers the stars of earth, as the golden ones in the sky are of heaven. When I have a house of my own I shall have it full of flowers; every available spot shall be crowded with them."

"I like this best," she said, taking up a spray of the fragrant purple heliotrope.

"My favorite way of enjoying a flower is to shut my eyes while I breathe its perfume, and so enjoy the beautiful thoughts it gives me,' I replied. "Now shall I read the little poem to you?"

I read, and she listened. How vividly I saw it all as the wondrous magical words fell from my lips!—that sad refrain so full of melancholy, "I am a weary. I would that I were dead"

When I had ceased she took the book eagerly from my hands, and read the poem over and over.

I shall never forget the emphasis with which she repeated those last words over and over again.

"That poet might have known me," she said at length.

'He would have taught you noble lessons of life and how to spend it, if he did so; or rather, if you knew him," I replied. "If you have never read his work, particularly his *Idylls* you have the greatest possible pleasure before you. Shall I begin to read them to you to-morrow?"

"Yes, Miss Linden, if you will," she replied

I had gained a great point. She was interested in something at last. I did not fear then. If a soul can be opened to the influence of poetry and music, the darkest, deepest gloom must vanish in time.

"My request is still unanswered," I said, with a smile. "Tell me some name by which I may address you."

"I hate, I detest the sound of my own name so much, that I cannot bear to hear it," she replied. 'Call me—as my mother used to do—Blanche."

'I shall be glad to do so," I said. "I have felt the awkwardness of not knowing your name much; yet I did not like to ask you, lest you should think me curious. I will say good night now, Blanche."

She lifted her dark, beautiful eyes to my face; a softened, sweet light shone in them, changing the whole countenance, and making it radiant.

"Ah, that sounds well," she said. "Good night Miss Linden. I shall dream of 'Mariana'"

For more than a year I lived with her and called her by no other name than Blanche. I believe every time I uttered it she thought of her lost mother, but she never named her to me again.

The morning following I began to read the *Idylls* to her. Fearing that she would forget, or, if left alone, fall back into her listless, despairing mood, as soon as breakfast was over I went into the library to her. She seemed pleased to see me, and smiled more brightly than I had ever seen her do before.

'Blanche," I said, "do excuse me, but I cannot read Tennyson to you in this gloomy, desolate room, with nothing to see but the wild waves. We ought to be in a sunny garden, with the fragrance of flowers, and the humming of bees all round us. As that is not possible, do come into the drawing-room; it looks so bright and pleasant this morning. Come and sit by the flowers while I read."

To my surprise she complied. It was a relief to my own mind to know that she was not watching the sea from her lonely room I placed her comfortably, and turned the stand, so that her favorite fragrant heliotrope faced her. I drew a stool to her feet, and sat by her to read, watching her intently as I did so.

As the poet's beautiful words fell upon her ear, her whole face changed again. The apathy, and listless, despairing expression, left it; the sweet lips trembled with every change of feeling; the magnificent eyes shone with a light that told of genius and fancy, awakened, perhaps, for the first time. The whole face was eloquent with sensibility and thought.

She was as different now from the listless, gloomy girl of a week ago, as is the bright day from the dark night. So we went together into fairyland, and I saw the golden-haired Gwendoline, the stately, noble Arthur, and the gay Sir Launcelot.

I read for two hours, without interruption. I felt that the mind and heart of the young girl were with me, and that she was learning to love those beautiful creations of the poet's mind. When I grew fatigued I did not let her escape again to her solitude. I persuaded her to take a ramble with me by the shore.

"My dear Miss Linden," she said, "do you know how long it is since I have been out of doors?"

"Not since I have have been here, certainly," I replied; "but that is no reason why you should not go now. See how fresh and bright the waves look this morning? I love them best when they are tinged with foam—there is something so crisp and light about them. The very breath of the air is exhilarating. Do come now, Miss Blanche."

"But," said she, half hesitatingly, "shall we meet or see any one?"

"No," I replied, laughingly, "you ought to know Ingledew House better than to ask such a question. I have been here some months, but have never yet met a human being in my solitary rambles."

"I think I will go," was the half timid reply. "I should like to see the waves break on the shore."

"I should think you know every wave and its rise and fall by heart by this time, Blanche." I observed,—"you have watched them so long."

The look of pain came back, but before it had time to settle there, I had brought her bonnet and cloak, and we were out in the fresh morning breeze.

We walked rapidly down to the shore. It was one of those days when the sea is especially beautiful—not so tranquil as to be monotonous, or so rough as to be stormy. Each wave seemed to have a kind of life of its own, and the color of the sea was dark blue, and the crested foam was milk white. The sun shone over the waters, and the sky above was a deep blue tint, only varied by white, fleecy clouds.

The fresh air and exercise soon produced a beneficial effect upon Blanche, the most beautiful color came in her cheeks. I could hardly recognize her. We sat on the beach and watched the tide rolling in. I won a smile from my companion by telling her how, years ago, on such a morning as this, I had gone with a bevy of my schoolfellows down to the beach; the waves were breaking then as they broke now, all crested with foam. Our governess drew our attention to them Many of the girls found terms of admiration which suited them One, Maggie Duncan, a Scotch heiress, and less poetical than the rest, called out, "Don't the waves look just like soapsuds?" It amused me very much at the time.

Blanche smiled and then laughed. It was the first time I ever heard a laugh from her lips. The low, musical ripple of it pleased me infinitely.

"It is a pity," I said, "that you will not learn to sing. I am sure you must have great latent talent for music."

"Of what use would it be to me?" she asked, the smile fading quickly away.

"Do you intend," I said, "to spend your whole life in this gloomy house?"

"Yes," replied Blanche. "I never wish to leave it. I mean to live and die here."

"In that case," I said, "you could not delight others with your musical skill, but it would add a new charm to your life. Now confess frankly, Blanche, have you not been happier during the last day or two, when you have spent your time in pleasant occupation, than when you were shut up in the library watching those waves with such wearied eyes?"

"Yes, Miss Linden," she replied, "I am happier; but that is not what I care to be. I only wanted to come here and shut myself out from the world until I could die."

"Then you are very wrong," I said. "I know not what your trouble or sorrow is; but I know this, there is none great enough to send us away from our fellow creatures to pine and die in useless despair. Whatever your sorrow may be, do brave battle with it; never let it master you"

'Suppose, Miss Linden, you knew that the nearest, dearest, and only relation you had wished you dead, because you were in his way," she said, "what should you do?"

"Anything, rather than to shut myself up to die and oblige him," I replied.

"Let us go home," she said, rising abruptly; "I am tired."

I was careful not to renew the conversation. I saw that by degrees I should obtain some influence over her, and then I might hope to do her good.

I shall never forget the look of satisfaction on the old housekeeper's face as we re-entered the house.

"My lady," she cried, "have you really been out? I should hardly have known you, you look so well."

"May I have your *Tennyson* Miss Linden?" asked Blanche. "I should like to read now until dinner-time."

"With pleasure" I replied; "but, if you will allow me, I will give you a course of reading, as I am sure a physician, if he saw you, would give you a course of strengthening medicine. Too much poetry will not do. Have you read Bulwer, Dickens, or Thackeray?"

"No," she replied, blushing slightly. 'You will think me very ignorant, I am afraid."

"I envy you," I said. "I would give much to have the same pleasure that is in store for you. A few pages of *Pickwick* will make you a different creature. I shall give you that first."

I fetched the book; and two hours afterwards, when I entered the room, I heard the same musical, rippling laugh. Blanche had arrived at (to me) the most amusing part of the book, the adventure of Mr. Pickwick and his friends on their way to Squire Wardle's. I never tire of reading the description of Mr. Winkle's attempted ride.

During dinner Blanche talked gaily of the book she was reading. Several times I saw the stately butler in great danger of dropping glasses and dishes, so intense was his surprise at the change in his young mistress.

## CHAPTER III.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted mornings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary,
Life still ebbs away.
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

THOSE are beautiful words, and I had set them to music of my own. I was singing them one morning when Blanche came to me. She listened earnestly.

"I wonder," she said at last, "if there will be any May for me."

"Yes," I replied, rising and placing her suddenly on the music stool. "In the meantime I am going to give you your first music-lesson, so that when your May comes you may be able to carol as gaily as a bird."

I never, if I could avoid it, allowed her to talk in a melancholy strain. Too much taken by surprise to refuse, she followed my instructions.

I made her sing the scale. I was not surprised at the depth and richness of her voice,—it was a magnificent contralto; and I knew that with a little steady practice and cultivation, it would be superior to any I had ever heard.

"Blanche," I said, "you have a wonderful gift. Why did you never think of trying to sing before."

"I used to sing when my mother was alive," she replied. "She taught me many little Italian songs."

"Do you speak Italian?" I said, in some surprise.

'Yes, much better than I do English or French," she replied.

'So much the better for your singing," I said, feeling a strange satisfaction in the knowledge of her accomplishments.

I made her practise well for about an hour. I was charmed by every rich, beautiful note that came from her lips. When she had finished, I said:

"Blanche you have in that voice a gift that if exercised, would bring all the musical world to your feet"

'How do you mean, Miss Linden?" she asked.

"Why, if you were to go into society, you would find yourself eagerly sought after by every one of note," I replied. "If you were to go upon the stage, you would, as I have said, soon see all the world at your feet."

"Is a good voice so much thought of then, Miss Linden?"

"Such a one as yours," I replied. "I have never in my life heard one so beautiful or musical."

She stood for some moments lost in deep thought.

'Would it make people like me?" she asked. "I mean, would it make any one feel inclined to love me?"

"I believe every one who heard you sing would want to know and love you," I replied.

"Then, Miss Linden, I will learn," she said. "I have an object in view."

From that time she studied music with a kind of passion. I have watched her sometimes at the piano, her splendid eyes and beautiful face so eloquent and so full of the melody she was playing, that she looked as I could imagine St. Cecilia could have done.

We sent to London for the best music we could get. I have never seen anything like the rapidity with which she advanced in her favorite study. She spent several hours every day at the piano. There was no more languor or listlessness. Whatever her object was, she was thoroughly in earnest. No more long, dreary, weary hours in the gloomy library; no more singing the old refrain, "I am a weary. I would that I were dead."

So three months passed. One evening Blanche was playing: she had chosen some dreamy old German melodies, and was making sweet music with them, when she suddenly changed the key, and began the first song I had ever sung to her—"The Land o' Leal." I listened, and wept as I did so. The beautiful rich voice had an indescribable sadness in it; the pathos and tenderness were too much for any one to hear unmoved.

She turned to me when she had finished, and saw the tears upon my cheek.

"Miss Linden," she said, "does my song make you feel unhappy?"

"No, Blanche," I replied; "it makes me happy with a sweet, sad pain, which I cannot describe You sing my heart away from me. You would charm the very rocks and trees with such music."

"Ah," she sighed, "I can sing. If I were but beautiful, or even ordinarily good-looking, I might succeed in what I wish to do."

"And who says you are not beautiful?" I asked, in great surprise.

"I know I am not, Miss Linden," she replied. "I am an 'ugly, brown little thing.' I know it only too well"

I laughed merrily as I answered:

"If you will excuse me, I will tell you the plain truth about your looks, as I did about your singing. If you were better dressed, and your quantity of hair made an ornament instead of a disfigurement, you would be a most beautiful woman. I assure you it is the truth."

"Oh Miss Linden," she cried, clasping her hands, while a glow of delight colored her face, "do you think so?"

"I do indeed," I replied; "and as we are speaking of the subject, let me ask you to come into my room. When I show you yourself in a glass you will own you are beautiful."

"People will love me then," she said, as though lost in delight.

"A lovely face charms every one," I said; "but to be loved one must have more than that. Rest assured, Blanche, you have qualities which anyone may love you, independently of music and beauty."

I took her to my little room; it was what I had been longing for weeks to do. I took from her the heavy shapeless black dress she wore, and robed her in a new one that I had never worn, a soft flowing pink barege. I lifted the dark hair from her brow, and dressed it after the well-known fashion of the French Empress. The white neck and shoulders, the rounded arms and exquisite hands were perfection.

But how can I describe the face? Blanche never was a pink and white beauty. She resembled one of the sunny daughters of Spain more than the cold, calm English belles. Her clear complexion, now that it wore the glow of health, was charming; it was of the most beautiful tint, the crimson as it were shining through. The rich red lips had lost all their gloom; they were sweet and mobile now. The fair, queenly brow, so well defined by the raven black hair, the arched brows, and the dark lustrous eyes, completed a beauty that was as charming and piquant as it was fascinating. I took from my little jewel box a spray of pearls and fastened them in the waving masses of her hair. I stood positively entranced with my own handiwork.

"Now, Blanche," I said, when my labors were ended, "look, and tell me if you know this lady."

The young girl stood before the mirror as one charmed.

"Miss Linden," she said, breathlessly, "is that me? That girl is beautiful; I was 'an ugly brown little thing.'"

"Look for yourself," I answered. "I knew as soon as I saw you that some day you would be a lovely woman, although you were then a very plain girl You must let me order you what dresses and ornaments I like Will you, Blanche?"

"Yes," she replied; "do as you will, Miss Linden. Tell me," she added, studying her face intently the while, "do I look like a lovable girl?—could any one be very fond of me."

"Indeed they could," I said, warmly kissing for the first time her fair, flushed cheek. She seemed lost in wonder and gratitude.

"I am very thankful to you, Miss Linden," she said. "I am more glad than I can express that I am not stupid and ugly."

I really thought when we went down to dinner that Mrs. Dean would have lost her senses.

"My lady," she said, "how well you look!"

On the following day I sent a large order to one of the best West End milliners for everything I thought Blanche could require. I am afraid to say what the bill amounted to; but that was of little moment. I like beauty adorned, in spite of the poet's assertion that unadorned it appears to the greatest advantage, and I took good care she had everything a lady could desire or wish for.

This altered state of things went on for a few weeks, and it was difficult to imagine that the beautiful, graceful girl, clad in rich silk and singing with the voice of a syren, was the same dull, gloomy, listless creature I had first seen a year ago. Ingledew was no longer gloomy; we had music and flowers to enliven us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sir John Hawkshaw, the great English engineer, says that Russian workmen are docile and easily taught, and readily adopt every method shown to them to be better than their own, thus presenting as striking contrast to Sir John's own countrymen.

## "LOOK NOT MOURNFULLY INTO THE PAST."

*Hyperion.*

Can we think of the flowers we so fondly have cherished
In summer's gay bloom;
And not sigh for the beauty and fragrance that perished,
When autumn has come?

Can we list to sweet sounds till the full soul rejoices
In melody's power;
And not mourn that the charm of melodious voices,
Can cheer us no more?

Can we wake from a dream in whose sweetest illusion
The soul was so blest;
And not weep as we find it was all a delusion,
A mockery at best?

Then say not such thoughts of the past must be banished
Although it is gone;
For life's finest flowers from my pathway have vanished,
And left me alone!

That music is hushed whose melodious measure
Rich joy could impart;
That dream which for years brought so sacred a pleasure,
Has fled from my heart!

But I know that while here joy and sorrow are blended,
There is a bright shore,
Where trials, temptations and sorrows all ended,
We part never more!

—J. G. M.

## Saving a Spy.

BY M. B.

IT was during the American Revolution. The duty of a spy, though both disagreeable and dangerous did not deter Colonel Hastings from offering his services towards ascertaining the position and condition of the king's troops, then quartered in Canada.

He was a brave and handsome young officer, warmly attached to the American cause, and willing to sacrifice his life if need be, for the good of his countrymen who were fighting for liberty and the right.

He was fully aware of the risk he incurred—nor was he ignorant of the fate awaiting him should he be suspected and taken.

By means of various disguises he had reconnoitered pretty thoroughly, and had acquired much information of an important nature.

He had about resolved to return to the American camp and report himself to the commander in chief, when the following incident strengthened his determination.

While walking along one day, musing upon the exciting events which were then transpiring, he was met by one of the common soldiery who stopped to speak.

The man looked animated, and seemed pleased with his thoughts.

"Halloo, comrade!" he cried. "You're going the wrong way."

"I guess not," rejoined Hastings, carelessly.

"Well, I s'pose you know best; but you'd better go back to the camp with me. I'm going to get a description of the chap that's been playing the spy," added the man, familiarly.

"What about him? its all news to me," replied the colonel, unconcernedly, though his pulse beat a little quicker at the man's language; but he had long exercised a severe government over the play of his features and not a muscle expressed surprise.

"You must be deaf, then for everybody is talking about him to day," continued the other. "His name is Tom Jones, and he's been skulking round here, listening to what the officers say, pumping the men, and trying to find out what the next move is to be. But they've smelt a rat. There's a bounty offered for his head, and he's as good as a dead man."

"Good enough for him!" exclaimed the colonel, who still maintained the same indifferent demeanor. "His life isn't worth much, that's a fact. But I say, comrade," he added, slapping the soldier familiarly on the shoulder, "isn't hanging a little too good for the rascal?"

The man replied with a coarse laugh and an oath, and then passed on his way, leaving Hastings in no enviable state of mind. Had the fellow been acquainted with him detection would have been inevitable.

He—Hastings—had left the barracks early that morning noticing nothing unusual; but probably his absence, added to other circumstances, had awakened suspicion.

Not a moment was to be lost; his life depended upon instant concealment, as flight at that hour (it being about four in the afternoon) would be attended with extreme danger.

The soldier would hear a description of his person, tell his story, the alarm would be given, and a score of enemies be immediately on his track.

The young officer hastily entered a thick growth of trees near by, and looked about for some place of refuge. He could discover nothing which offered the slightest protection but a large brush-heap, but as no better refuge could be found he concealed himself as well as possible beneath it.

He heard the tramp of horses' feet and the voices of men, in a very short time, which was a good reason for concluding that he had not secreted himself a minute too soon. They passed the spot where he lay without halting and Hastings breathed more freely when the echo of their shouts was lost in the distance.

Time dragged on but slowly. The ground was extremely cold and damp from the effects of a recent rain, and added to the unpleasantness of his situation.

He dared not stir for fear of attracting the attention of some person who might be lurking in the vicinity, and his stiffened limbs began to pain him considerably.

For several days he had not been well and he felt that he was rapidly becoming worse. Cold chills ran over him, his head was hot and ached badly, and a general languor pervaded his whole system.

To be hanged for a spy was not a pleasant idea to contemplate, and he groaned at the thought of dying there alone.

At this moment he remembered having seen a small cabin at a short distance. He would seek it, throw himself upon the mercy of the inmates, and beg assistance and protection.

Suffering much bodily pain, and wearily dragging one foot after the other, he saw a light twinkling in the distance, which indicated the proximity of the lowly dwelling. He did not know whether the occupants were whigs or tories, but he trusted in Providence, and went forward more hopefully.

He approached the cabin, but paused at hearing the sound of voices. Taking a few more noiseless steps he was enabled to glance through a rude window, and perceived two men and two women sitting within.

The young officer was about to knock at the door, when the word "spy" reached his ears, causing him to forego his intention and listen to hear more.

"I am quite confident that we shall succeed," said one.

"The reward is worth trying for, at any rate," returned the other.

"What will be done with him if he should be captured?" asked the younger of the two females.

"No matter!" said the elder of the two men, abruptly.

"They won't be likely to let him go again," added his companion, with a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"He'll be treated as spies usually are, probably," remarked the middle-aged woman who had not yet spoken.

The younger shuddered and looked thoughtful.

"I wish this unnatural war was ended; it so brutalizes the human character," she said, earnestly.

"The sooner the rebels are conquered the quicker it will be ended," said one of the men. "So you see it's our duty to catch this spy, who is said to be very cunning and useful in his way. He can't be a great distance off, and as soon as we get rested we must take to the woods and hunt him down."

The other gave his hearty assent to this proposal, and after talking over their plans together both men left the cabin and passed so near to our hero, that by raising their hands they might have touched him; but the darkness which had succeeded the moon's departure favored him and he remained undiscovered.

Waiting until he could no longer hear the footsteps nor voices of the retreating figures he stepped softly to the door and tapped.

The latch was raised, and a voice demanded, "Who's there?"

"A friend; one, at least, who has not the power to injure you," was the reply.

The door opened wider, and the pale and haggard face of the applicant was exposed to the woman, who scrutinized him steadily and closely.

"Come in," she said.

"I am in distress," said Hastings. "I apply to you because you are a woman, and I cannot forget that a woman was first at the sepulchre of Jesus. I am sick, weary, hungry and sorely pressed by my enemies. I am the American spy for whom a reward is offered. You can save me or deliver me into the hands of your husband, or those who have gone in pursuit of me."

The mother and daughter exchanged glances but neither spoke, and Hastings anxiously awaited the decision of his fate.

The woman who had opened the door now signified by a motion of the hand that he should enter.

"We will do what we can," she said, briefly, and then placed refreshments before him and signed to him to eat.

"Do not stop to talk," she added quickly, as the young officer endeavored to express his gratitude. "There is no time to lose, and food will do you more good than anything else.

Hastings did not wait for a second bidding, and the nutritious beverage soon had the effect to renew his strength and inspire fresh courage. His head felt less giddy, the cheerful fire warmed his stiffened limbs, and he would certainly have fallen asleep in his chair had not a feeling of dread lest the men should suddenly return, caused him to look often anxiously towards the window. He was startled from his revery by the barking of a dog.

"You are lost!" exclaimed the daughter. "Father is near by!"

The young girl stood an instant as if spell bound, when the voices came nearer and nearer. Suddenly she sprang towards a door which opened into a dark closet.

"Go in, go in!" she whispered, "and secrete yourself behind those clothes."

The officer mechanically obeyed, and the door was quickly closed and fastened upon him.

This was hardly done when her father and his companion entered the cabin, both looking somewhat ill-humored and disappointed.

"What are you up and eating for at this hour Hettie?" asked the former, abruptly, regarding the young girl with a look of astonishment and displeasure.

"Because I'm hungry," was the unhesitating reply.

"Well, and so are we hungry, girl; so get us something quick, for we've got to ride a dozen miles yet; that is, if the fellow don't disappoint us again. Confound him! we might have been on the right track by this time if the horses had been forthcoming," he muttered, as Hettie busied herself in placing eatables before them, as she had been bidden.

While this had been transpiring the mother had silently left the cabin, entered an out building, and was preparing a comfortable place in which to conceal Hastings before her husband's return; and this will account for her absence when his proximity had been so opportunely discovered by the young girl.

While the men were satisfying the demands of appetite she re entered, but started back in alarm at perceiving what a change in affairs the last fifteen minutes had wrought.

Hettie caught her eye, and a warning glance checked the exclamation that was on her lips and recalled her usual presence of mind.

"Well?" she said, interrogatively, approaching the table.

"We've had to wait for horses, and the rascal will give us the slip if we don't ride for dear life," returned her husband, moodily. "I say, Ben," he added, with an impatient gesture, "haven't you almost done eating?"

"Just finished," replied Ben, pushing back his chair and buttoning his coat. "I'm all ready."

"Where is he?" inquired the woman, when the men had gone.

"In there," replied the daughter, pointing towards the closet.

"It is a Providence indeed!" was the fervent ejaculation of the mother, as she comprehended this narrow escape.

No time was lost in conducting Hastings to the out building we have named. It was entered but seldom, little used, and being so near the rendezvous of the king's troops would not be likely to be subjected to a very thorough search by his enemies, who probably believed him much farther off.

In this place he remained several days, receiving the best of care from both mother and daughter, who visited him as often as they could without attracting attention.

When his strength had in a measure returned, and he was able to travel, his generous protectors furnished him with a suitable disguise, and by means of the husband's absence were enabled to assist him a considerable distance upon his perilous journey.

He encountered many difficulties and dangers, and felt himself far from secure until he had passed the British lines, and knew he had nothing more to fear.

But he did not forget the maiden whose prompt action had saved his life.

After the close of the war he met her again under more auspicious circumstances, and a pleasant acquaintance terminated in a happy marriage.

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A CLOSE SHAVE.—A picturesque incident is related concerning General Chanzy during the time of his imprisonment under the Commune. He was closely watched, and when one morning he asked for a barber to shave him, that individual was only allowed to enter escorted by two National guards. The day was dull and the light bad, and the knight of the basin moved the General about several times, complaining that he could not see and that the guards were in the way. Presently he observed that he had never seen a man more difficult to shave and adding, "How hollow your cheek is!" thrust his thumb into the General's mouth to press the cheek outward. The prisoner was for the minute naturally enraged, and was about to protest when he became aware that some small object was lying on his tongue. The shaving finished, he took from his mouth what proved to be a little roll of paper, on which was written, "Keep up your courage; you are not forgotten; this will not last long. Saisset." It was a true prediction. In a few days the General was liberated by an order from the Central Committee.

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Since the war 200 000 negroes have joined the Methodist Church.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.—In the Russian language the terms beautiful, red, and colored, are all three represented by the same word.

THE CARNATION.—"Carnation" color is pure flesh color, and the apparent application of the word to a flower the most familiar hue of which is deepest crimson has puzzled many. But carnation, as the name of a plant, is a corruption of "coronation," a word derived from the use of carnations in garlands, coronæ.

MUSICAL NOTES.—It is said that the croak of the raven is equivalent to the B flat of a trumpet; and that the growl of a dog corresponds to the same note of a bassoon; the bark of a cur is exactly the B natural of the hautboy; and the grunt of a hog reproduces G on the ophicleide; a ragman sings "rags" in D and water flows or gurgles in E sharp.

DEVOTION AND BUSINESS.—We seldom meet with a finer instance of honest and primitive simplicity than the recorded practice in the churches of Finland. Previous to the concluding prayer of divine service, the ministers read out with an audible voice, a list of the births, deaths, and marriages; after which follows a statement of the sales of houses made or about to be made, and an account of the unclaimed letters at the Post Office.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—Catgut is not the gut of cats but of sheep. Kid gloves are not kid, but are made of lambskin or sheep skin. Arabic figures were not invented by the Arabs, but by the natives of India. Salad oil is not for salads but oil for cleaning callets or sallades—that is, helmets. Black lead does not contain a single particle of lead, but is composed chiefly of carbon.

THE CONDITION OF WOMEN.—In England until the reign of William and Mary, women were refused the benefit of clergy, and in the time of Henry VIII an English Parliament prohibited the reading of the New Testament in English by women and others of low estate. The male Mohammedan today indignantly rejects the idea that his female companion as well as himself, may have a soul. Among the Hindoos women are still excluded from the advantages of reading and writing.

WHAT IS TINWARE.—It does not appear to be generally known that the article so commonly used for household utensils, for cans, for roofing, etc., called "tin" really contains very little tin, seldom more than one part in forty or fifty. Tin—pure tin—is a silvery white metal, and is the lightest and easiest melted of all the metals in common use; it being only about five eighths as heavy as lead, and requires only about two-thirds the heat to melt it. Our common tin ware is really tin-plate—a tin sheet of iron, coated with a film of tin.

FISHING FOR SWALLOWS.—Many of the swallows from which the wings are torn to adorn ladies' hats, are caught in France by what is called "fishing." They set a series of fine silk threads pendant from poles in the quarries frequented by the birds and to the ends of these threads are attached flies, flattering in the air. The swallows in their rapid flight overlook the artificial nature of these snares and swallow the bait, when they are speedily caught and divested at once of their wings. Sometimes when the weather is warm and stormy and the swallow flies low as many as three hundred are caught per day in this way.

A STRANGE PURSUIT.—A noted character known as "Jimmy the Duck," recently died in Nevada. He made his living by a queer invention. He used to put a duck in a box, with its head stuck out of a hole, allow the crowd to throw clubs at it for 25 cents a throw, the bird belonging to whoever should hit it. The ducks would of course "duck" their heads just before the stick whizzed along, and it was not oftener than once in six months that Jimmy would lose. The following is his epitaph—Old Jimmy's weary bones are now resting beneath the sagebush. Let us hope that when the trump of the resurrection shall echo over the rugged peak of Mount Davidson he will be able to pop his head up like that famous duck, and should the Old Nick appear and make a grab for the old man, may he dodge back successfully."

THE BONAPARTE MARRIAGES.—It is mentioned as a curious fact that Jerome Bonaparte, on the whole, made the best match ever seen in his family up to that time. Miss Patterson was the accomplished daughter of a wealthy and highly respected merchant, while every one of the brothers or sisters of her husband had married persons of low birth or doubtful respectability. Thus, Joseph Bonaparte had married the daughter of a soap merchant at Marseilles; Lucien, an ex chambermaid at an inn, near Toulon; Eliza, the son of a billiard marker Baccicocchi; Matilda, an ex hostler, Murat, Paulina, (Borghese) the natural son of an itinerant wool dealer, Leclerc, whose brother had been hanged for robbery. Supposing Jerome to have acted in good faith, and to have privately debated the subject with his brothers, he might, indeed, have made a case against them.

### SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

BY ALPHEUS BURGOYNE.

Life has a burden for every man's shoulder,
None may escape from its trouble and care;
Miss it in youth and 'twill come when we're older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our hearts of their treasures of song;
Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Everyday toil is an everyday blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter
Just when we mourn there were none to befriend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And somehow or other we get to the end.

# HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

## The Purpose of a Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXV.

AND now, ladies and gentlemen," said Angelo Egerton, the morning after Christmas Day, "how do you propose to spend to day? It is fine and frosty for those who like to go out, and for those who don't, there is plenty indoors."

"Put it to the House," said Tom Courtenay. "I move that the speaker do order out the horses for a general gallop over the heights. Come ladies, and gentlemen, those who second me, up hands."

All hands were held up save those of Lady Alice St. John, Julian and the latter said:

"Well, I see the vote is general. I must beg you all to excuse me, for I have business to attend to; but Leonora will go with you as guide. She knows the district as well as I do."

"Am I to order your horse, Julian?" said Leonora, with her hand on the door.

"No, I remain with Angelo," he replied.

"Are any of the ladies particular about what horses they ride?" added the young hostess.

"Mine are, my dear," said Lady Alice; "Arabella and Theresa are timid riders, if you have any quiet horses."

"Oh yes, they shall have the phaeton ponies," said Leonora; "they are swift but perfectly gentle."

She left the room to order the horses, and the ladies betook themselves to don their riding habits.

Leonora was down in less than ten minutes and went off to the great quadrangle, where the gentlemen and horses were waiting.

"So light to the croup the fair lady he swung."

said E erton, lifting Leonora in his arms, and swinging her to the saddle; "don't let El Hasseneh run away with you."

"No fear of that," said Leonora, involuntarily thinking of her never to be forgotten ride on Cassy with Arthur Vivian: "Hasseneh knows me too well."

"Where are you going to take us, Leonora?" said Louis St. John; "east, west, north, or south?"

"North, I think," she replied.

"Take them round by the Devil's Rock, Leonora," said Angelo. "Ah, here are the ladies."

The whole party were soon mounted, the castle gates were flung wide, and with Leonora at their head, they swept through and descended the steep hill on which the castle stood, taking their way along the cliffs. Egerton and Julian ascended to the wall and sauntered round to the north rampart.

"Look!" said Angelo, throwing his arm over Julian's shoulder as they stood side by side; 'Leonora has set them in a canter already."

"Ay," said Julian, "and Walter and Miss Herbert are last."

"How's that?" said Egerton uneasily. 'I mounted him well."

"He probably likes the lady's company," observed the artist, glancing at Angelo's dark face.

"Too much, I thought, last night," said Egerton, with a half laugh; "but it may be a mere boyish fancy for almost the first pretty English face he has seen much of."

"Are you afraid of his seriously caring for her? Don't you want it?"

"No," said Egerton, very decidedly. "You know who she really is?"

"Yes," replied Julian. 'Stephen Stanfeld's daughter."

"His child, and sister-in law to a murderer," said Egerton; "her sister is Vivian's wife. A nice connection truly for the son of Armitage Surrey," he added, with a strong emphasis.

"But she seems a very sweet girl though," said Julian; "if Walter should really care for her, you will not stand between them?'

"If he was any relation of mine I very decidedly should," replied Egerton.

"And as it is?" said Julian.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," said Egerton. "Will he be much of a painter?"

"Yes, a most talented amateur," replied Julian. "If, instead of having property, he had to live by it, he would have been a very superior artist."

"How is it, old fellow, that you haven't brought home an Italian wife?" said Angelo, smiling.

"No, no; my exile only makes me cling closer to everything English," said Julian. "I might ask you, rather, why you don't present me to Lady Egerton."

Angelo half-smiled, but the smile was a sad one.

"Julian," said he, "I am thirty-seven, there are lines on my brow, and there is gray in my hair; it will be hard to make any fair young girl love me now."

"Dear Angelo, I am sorry to find so eminent a politician talking nonsense. You might; and might still choose any girl you liked."

"Julian, have you yet found your ideal?" asked Angelo.

"The ideal, if found, is often beyond reach," said Julian, evasively.

Angelo dark eyes turned on him with a keen, penetrating glance, that it was well he did not meet.

"It is often nearer to us that we imagine, Julian."

"Have you yet found your ideal of woman, Angelo, or have you placed it so high that mortal being cannot approach it?"

Egerton recoiled a little, but answered:

"I did not create my own ideal; I can no more help placing it high than I can help worshipping all that is grand and beautiful."

"A Jesuitical answer," said Julian, smiling. Then he said, perhaps because he intuitively felt the subject a painful one to his companion, or it might be that the very depth of the love he bore him, made him see through Angelo's veil of proud reserve, "I heard Walter Surrey speaking of the portrait, 'Tekel' is the name it seems known by. Does he know whose portrait it is?"

"Yes," replied Egerton. "Yesterday he and I were in the chapel cloisters, standing by my mother's tomb; he said he had seen the picture at the National Gallery, and was expressing his wonder how any imagination could conceive such faces as those of the man who holds the scroll."

"'Rothesay didn't imagine them," said I. 'Have you never seen a face like the phantom?'

"'Yes,' he said; 'It was like my ward; but he knew that the painter knew her'

"'Well,' I said; 'and the picture is the portrait of a living man.'

"'Ah! is it possible?" he cried, holding up his hand. "What a horrible countenance! Do you know him?'

"'My mother's murderer,' said I, quietly. 'I had it painted; and it will finally be brought to the gallery here.' I believe he thought me half mad," added Egerton, with his low, soft laugh. "But now, Julian, I must go to my study, and attend to my business. Where is Lady Alice?"

"I am going to find her," he replied.

Each went a different way—Egerton to the library, Julian to the drawing room.

Where meanwhile was the riding party? Watch that lofty crag, rising black and sharp from the sea, it is higher than the other cliffs, and at the commencement of its ascent the road branches into two, one continuing over the summit, the other, only about ten feet broad, winding round it, with the rocks towering above it, and the sea surging far below. As the party came up to the fork road they halted; the guide was behind talking to Roland Aubrey, but as she came up they exclaimed:

"Miss de Caldara, you are not going to jeopardize our lives by taking us round this road are you?"

"Those who don't like to venture," said the Spaniard, smiling, "can keep the cliff road, and we shall meet them half a mile on. This is the Devil's Rock, and this the Devil's Pass. Who will take it with me?" she added, stepping Hasseneh on to the Pass.

Cuthbert St. John, who was next her, would rather have gone over the cliff, but as the gentlemen all volunteered (saving the rector, who, having passed it before, concluded to escort the ladies) he could do no less than go too the more so that Isbel, Mrs. Rochester and Margaret Arundel also took the Pass; so, in single file, with the Castilian in the van, they set off.

Tom, who immediately followed the Reverend Cuthbert, was not long before he devised means of a joke at the expense of the priest, which had almost ended fatally.

"Leonora," he called out, "does his Satanic Majesty still haunt this place? because if so our reverend friend might exorcise him."

"Tom, be quiet, and don't talk nonsense!" she turned to speak as he meant she should, and catching her eye, he folded his hands, and pulled his face into a long lugubrious look—such a caricature of Cuthbert that even her grave Spanish nature could not resist it, and Leonora's irresistible and half-suppressed laugh made Cuthbert turn round sharply.

Now it happened that Cuthbert was already rendered somewhat giddy by the dizzy height, and his sudden and passionate start round completed his giddiness. He lost his saddle, reeled for a minute on the edge of the precipice, and then, as he lost his footing, flung his arms wildly out, catching at something.

It was Leonora's ready hand that saved him—for in the moment he staggered, she backed Hasseneh, and bending over, stretched out her hand which the falling man grasped, and but for the noble Arabian standing so firm, his weight must have dragged horse and rider over.

The strain on Leonora was fearful, and a cry burst from her lips—no thought then for titles:

"Oh, Louis! Louis!"

All had passed in less than a minute. St. John and Tom had flung themselves from their horses and hauled up Cuthbert quite unhurt.

Louis's arm was thrown around Leonora as her arms fell nerveless at her side.

"He is safe; but you, my child, you are hurt?"

Her face was very white, for the agony had been intense as it was short.

"No," she said, "it is only numbed; it is going off, Colonel Louis. Your brother—Mr. St. John, are you unhurt?"

"Perfectly, thanks to your courage," replied Cuthbert, as he remounted, and Tom, for the first time quite sobered, fell back, and was very good until they left the Devil's Pass, and rejoined the others; and then he told the story (minus his own mimicry) in his own droll manner; for, after all, there had been something very ridiculous in the accident, despite it being so nearly fatal. But he was not to come off so easily, for a few miles on, Leonora contrived to get him alone, and spoke, as she could, when really angry.

"Tom, said she, "it's all very well for you to make a laughable story out of that, and turn it into ridicule, but it was no laughing matter; Cuthbert St. John was as near eternity as ever he will be, and if you had faced death as I have, you would not jest about it as you have done. And now, Tom, I tell you once for all, that you must control your mischievous tendency to tease and joke while you are my guest; for, whatever there is ridiculous about him, he is my guest too, and I cannot permit him to be a butt for your wit. There, now you have had your scolding," she added; "so let us be friends again, and let the rest come up."

Tom was very good and very civil to Cuthbert all that day.

"For by Jove!" he whispered to Isbel, "I don't want another of our senorita's stern rebukes."

It was long past noon when our party returned; but before Leonora could dismount, Cuthbert had sprung to the ground and was at her side. He clasped in his own the little white hand that had saved him,

"Leonora de Caldara, you have saved my life. I shall never forgot it," he said, simply, and lifted her to the ground; but he also never forgot Tom Courtenay.

Did the incident, apparently so slight end its influence? No. Look at Louis St. John that evening, when all are in the drawing-room; he is standing a little apart unseen, but seeing—his eyes fixed on Leonora, to whom Roland Aubrey is devoting himself with an assiduity that Angelo has noticed with an inward smile, and St. John now sees without any fear of rivalry.

Yes, he knows now that he loves her; no use to say to himself, "She is a child;" no use to call it folly, a fancy—nonsense.

His heart was darkened with her shadow.

Till that day, man of the world as he was, he had not realized it; but on that Pass his first thought had not been for Cuthbert, but for her, and his eyes were opened to know his own heart, and that heart beat faster as it remembered that his name had been the first she had called upon for help. "Louis! Louis!" was her cry; and fatally misconstruing that—mistaking her simple, open, child-like affection for him—he madly dreamed that her love was his—that he read her heart—that proud, sensitive, reserved woman's heart of hers, that even Angelo knew not thoroughly. Yet deeply as St. John loved her, he did not love her as Angelo did. It will break that strong stern heart to lose the child love it has twined every fibre round—

As the vine weaves her tendrils;

but to lose her will only bruise and crush St. John's, for, it may be for years, but it will not be forever. To a man like St. John the honorable course was to at once speak to her guardian and obtain his sanction. Why not that to-night? He knew that Egerton always went to his library, after the rest had retired; and so, when all had left the drawing-room, he walked to the library, and, with a slight knock, entered.

Egerton was in the great old gloomy room, sitting in an easy chair by the fire, with a table at his side, and several miniterial looking papers on it; but the master, whose hand was to bring them to form, was himself doing nothing.

"Egerton," said Louis, "can you give me ten minutes?"

"As long as you like, Louis. Sit down," said Angelo, rousing himself from a deep reverie.

St. John sat down with the air of a man who has made up his mind to go through with a disagreeable thing; so much so, that Angelo noticed it with a half smile, and said:

"You have something to say, Louis, that you don't know how to begin—what our Western neighbors call 'a fix.' Plunge boldly in."

"Angelo," said Louis, "you are keen. What I have to say relates to Leonora, and on that point most important in all men's lives."

Egerton knew now what was coming, and he stretched out his arm very quietly, and moved the lamp a little back, throwing himself in shade.

"Angelo," continued St. John, "think me mad—foolish—what you will; but I love her—love her as perhaps a stern, ambitious man like you, who lives only in public life, cannot understand."

Egerton lifted his eyes and looked at him. Did he know him so little, after all those years—he who had loved her since she was a little child in his arms, nestling to his breast, in all her childish troubles and ailments!

"But you are her guardian," said Louis; "and I deemed it the honorable course first to ask your sanction to win her. I have hope—a fair hope——"

"Do you think Leonora loves you otherwise than as an old friend?" asked Egerton."

"Can any man say he knows a girl's heart?" said Louis. "I think—I hope she does. Have I your sanction to my suit—your permission to ask her?"

"Yes," replied Egerton.

Heaven only knows what it cost him to say the word. But for the innate nobility of the soul, but for the stern pride of the man, he could not have resigned her so calmly. The word had passed the firm lips—the handsome face was still and marble-like—set and cold, and calm as a beautiful statue. It might have been some classic statue for any warmth that face had, saving the dark eyes, and they were fixed on St. John, who now rose.

"Then, plainly, I have your free sanction," he said, smiling, "to rob you of your sweet ward? You will miss her at first, Egerton."

"I am a stern, ambitious man, who lives only in public life. No," said the minister, moving a little more into the shade.

"Well, good night, Angelo," said Louis. "Your gift is inestimable."

'Good night, Louis" he responded.

"It is late already, Egerton," said Louis. "Have all those papers to be attended to to-night?"

"They must be in town to-morrow?" said Egerton, wearily; "I must take them myself."

"Shall you return to morrow," asked St. John.

"No, the day after," he replied. "I may be detained. Write and tell me of your success."

"I will," said Louis. "Once more, good-night."

"Good night, Louis," was the reply in the same tone as before.

The door closed, and Angelo Egerton was alone.

How very dark the library was—how the gloom had deepened into black night—and how very silent it was, as if something had died there that night. How very, very dreary and still it was, but not more still than the silent, motionless figure sitting there, with the arms resting on the table, the head bowed on them—hearing nothing, seeing nothing, feeling nothing, but the heavy weariness of agony that had stricken the strong heart to the earth.

He had thought he knew her inmost heart; he had once dreamed she might love him, but that was past; it seemed long years ago now; the "dead past must bury its dead"—that proud, ambitious man, would have given all his long line of ancestors now—all his hard-won honors to have back his lost child-love—but it was too late, and the weary sense that something had died there that night grew deeper and heavier.

So the hours that seemed years wore on, and each hour sank and vanished in the dim vista of time, but that bowed form never moved; the lamp burned down and went out—he knew it not; the fire dwindled lower and lower, and grew fiery red, throwing the black shadow of the bars on the opposite wall—still that silent figure remained motionless; the coals grew black and turned to ashes, and the gloomy old library grew cold and chill—he heeded it not, felt it not, the black night gave place to the cold grey dawn of the winter's morning, and gradually the first rays of the December sun streamed aslant through the fog into the room—but still that silent tearless mourner for what had died that night, never moved, felt not the cold, heard not the step outside, nor the door open and close, till a hand, lightly and

tenderly as a woman's, was laid on his shoulder, and Egerton raised his ghastly face to see Julian bending over him.

"Angelo—oh, Angelo," said Julian, "what has happened?"

'Nothing," he replied, in a hard, dry tone, and putting Julian aside with his hand; but Julian clasped it in his own.

"Twenty years ago," he said, "when I was a child, this right hand of yours drew me to your heart, and I will not now be put away with this cold hand—with that hard 'nothing.' Proud man, you may case your haughty soul in adamant chains of stern reserve to all others, but you shall not, cannot place your pride between us two. 'Nothing!' What, do you think I cannot see below the stony surface—do you think I cannot read your ghastly face, or see that you have never left this room all night? Ah, Angelo, do not all the ties that knit our souls together give me a right to your confidence?"

The statue-like face softened, and he said gently, trying to release his hand from the firm hand that would not release it:

"Why should I burden your young head with my sorrows? I am weary—weary—Julian, that is all; let me attend to these papers."

"You shall not," said Julian. "You were yourself when we parted last night."

Last night! How many years ago it seemed! and the words came unconsciously from his lips:

"Only hours—it seems a life-time—weary years, Julian, I lost something last night."

"Angelo, I know all now," said Julian. "I saw St. John come here."

Pride gave way now, the proud man broke down, and he bowed his face on the hands that still clasped his:

"Oh Julian! Julian!" said he; "she was all I had!"

For a long time Julian did not speak. He could not, for he had never before seen a strong man weep; never before witnessed such deep, passionate anguish. Then at last his soft voice said:

"Angelo, old friend, he cannot—does not love her as you do. He has mistaken her simple, frank affection for him, for love. If I know anything of woman's heart she will never be his wife. Hope! You have not lost your child-love."

"I have," said Egerton, rising. "What man ever yet really knew a woman's heart? Is not her affection for me, too, as frankly shown, as unconcealed? I dreamed once that she might have loved me—I was mad—mad to think that I, twenty-two years older than her, could ever be more to her than a guardian. Leave me now, dear Julian. Excuse me to them. I am going to take these papers to town, and I shall return to-morrow night late. Sit up for me, but do not let her do so. Henceforth I will be what he believes me—a stern, ambitious man, who lives only in public life," he said with a bitter smile.

"Does he know so little of you—you?" said Julian.

"Hold him excused, Julian. He has seen but little of Angelo. It is Egerton he knows. May he love her as I do—as I should have done."

"He cannot—it is not in him!" said Julian. "Ah! Angelo, you are a noble generous spirit to resign her so calmly. Heaven knows how well I love you, but never so well as now!"

"It is all left me!" said Angelo, turning aside.

Then he wrung Julian's hand in silence, for he could not speak; and taking up the ministerial papers, he went out of the gloomy old library.

* * * * *

All is told. Louis St. John had found Leonora in that old library, and with earnest, impassioned language, he has poured out his love—laid his heart at her feet.

"Oh! Leonora, do not send me from you!" he said. "Do not tell me you do not—cannot love me!"

Startled, almost frightened, overborne by the passionate eloquence with which he had spoken, she had stood till now like a statue, hearing, understanding, yet hardly realizing his words, hearing him with the dark grave face turned to him, and wondering half frightened glance. But now, when she most needed it, her self-possession failed her, and suddenly covering her face, she wept passionately—wept for herself, that her affection had been so misconstrued; wept for him, that his wild dream was broken; wept, as all sensitive, true hearted women must, that she had unwittingly caused such misery to the man who had his soul at her feet. It was only for a minute, and then she dropped her hands and turned the sweet sad face to his.

"Forgive me! Oh, Colonel Louis, forgive me!" said Leonora. "I never dreamed this. I am so young. My affection was so different—its very frankness should have warned you. I do not love you—I never should. I can never be your wife. Think of me, if you can, only as the child you have known. Forget the woman you have loved!" She held out her hand, and said: "For your own sake, as much as for mine, do not leave till the afternoon, and part with me calmly. May Heaven restore you to peace and happiness, Louis St. John!"

He held the little hand for a minute, and bent low over it.

"God bless you, Leonora," he murmured hoarsely, and left the room.

Julian came into the library some time after, and found the Castilian on the floor, weeping with a passionate bitterness of grief that seemed to rack every fibre of her slender frame. He raised her, saying in his gentle, tender way:

"Dry the tears, little one. It is his first love and first dream. Both are broken. Have we not all dreamed, and been rudely awakened to the stern reality? A few years hence, perhaps, and he will forget his dream, and it may be, find happiness in another's love."

He wiped away the tears, and bending down, kissed her forehead; and then, with the thought and delicate tact of a woman for both her and St. John, he took her quietly away for a long walk over the hills through the fog and mist—what mattered that? And when she returned, hours after, Margaret met her, and told her that Colonel St. John had been suddenly called to London to see an old companion in arms who was dangerously ill, and she was just in time to bid him good bye.

But Leonora's habitual self-control had resumed its sway, and when she parted from St. John no one could have guessed that anything painful had passed between them. Only Julian, and Louis's gentle mother—to whom her son had told everything—could see that his lips quivered, and that the dark eyes of the Spaniard drooped.

She crept away to the summit of a lofty watch tower, facing the south, and stood watching the carriage that bore him away, murmuring:

"I could never have been his wife—I could never have loved him!"

And unconsciously her hand stole to the cross on her heart, and clasped it close and clingingly.

It was long before she met Louis St. John again.

And where was Angelo Egerton? At the time St. John was leaving Falcontower Castle, he was bending over those papers in the Foreign Office. He had not, and did not intend to go near St. James's Square. He could not bear to go there where everything would seem to remind him of what he had lost. There he was the next morning early, looking over papers, reading and answering letters with the calmness and coolness which had always marked him, concentrating his mind and energies on what for the time being demanded attention; and no one, to see that dark severe face, would have found out any change, save, perhaps, if he paused for a moment, a very close observer might have noticed a weary look about the mouth and in the eyes, and a heavier weight of care on the grave, stern brow; but that was all to betray the anguish the proud man was crushing back so ruthlessly on a breaking heart.

It was long after noon, and Egerton was about to leave his hotel for King's Cross to return to the north, when a note was put into his hands. He turned back into the room and opened it—

"DEAR EGERTON—My dream was too bright to last. She never loved me, save as a friend. I am going abroad, and when my furlough is up, back to my regiment in Canada. God bless you, old friend! It will be long before we meet, if ever.

"LOUIS ST. JOHN."

The first thought of Angelo's generous heart is sorrow for Louis's grief; his second, deep joy, for he knows that St. John may love again, that the blow will only crush his heart, for his love is like the sapling of a year's growth, that can bow to the gale, and spring up again stronger than before; but Angelo's love has grown with years, and his heart is like the strong oak that the blast cannot bend, but breaks forever, and he murmurs low to himself:

"Mine only now, my life, my little one—mine only!"

It was late at night when they reached Falcontower station, and there, walking up and down in the moonlight, ever faithful, was Julian watching for him, with Leon, the Spanish bloodhound, at his side.

"Julian, my dear fellow," said the well-known, loved voice, and Julian turned to meet Angelo, while their hands clasped in an iron grasp that spoke more than any language could have done.

It was not till they reached the castle, till they found themselves once more in the dear, gloomy, old library; that either spoke; then Julian laid his hand on Egerton's shoulder, and with his tender blue eyes looking deep into his deep grey orbs, with their still regretful shadow, said softly:

"Angelo, was I not right, when that night I said to you 'You have not lost your child-love.'"

"Dear Julian, right and wrong," said Egerton. "I know that she has refused him; but how do I know that she loves, or ever can love me?"

"Ask her," said the artist, simply, and his beautiful eyes smiled.

"No, not yet, Julian," said Egerton; "not till she is old enough to marry at once or leave me, for either way she must do that. It is but another six months' patience—anxious patience, Julian. Do you not think me right?"

"You know best," said Julian.

"He wrote to me this morning," said Egerton; "it is well I did not meet her then, or to night. To-morrow morning I can meet her as usual."

"Rest well to night, Angelo," said Julian. "or even she will detect that all has not been well; and you look weary, oh, so weary."

"Can even the strongest battle through a fierce tempest and not be weary!" said Angelo. "Good night, dear Julian. God bless you, faithful friend!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

CHRISTMAS has passed, and the party at Falcontower Castle has broken up, but there have been seeds sowed that will grow up and cannot be uprooted

Parliament is sitting, and Angelo Egerton has opened the campaign with a speech that the papers are full of, and even those who do not like his politics are bound to admire and bow to the intellect that dictates it. He is there now, listening calmly, sometimes with a quiet smile, to the attacks made on him and his party and the ministry, by those who were clamoring for "reform" or what they were pleased to call reform—those who had spent the previous autumn in vainly endeavoring to stir up the people to be discontented with what existed, and failing to rouse them up intended to force a certain measure on the ministry in order to oppose it.

And while Sir Angelo sits in that busy arena, "child love" sits alone by the hearth in that library in the house in St. James's Square, with the noble pictures of the grand old masters looking down on her.

Margaret is absent at Lady Alice St. John's and so Leonora sits alone, bending forwards, and now and then a slight look of pain crosses the grave, quiet brow, and she moves her hand for a second to her chest, to her dying day she will at times feel that stiletto wound—to her dying day she will bear that mark of Vivian's handiwork. It changes the current of her thoughts to him and his deeds, and her face darkens, and she lifts her eyes to the mantelpiece, where stands a small photograph of the portrait; her eyes have not lost that mournful shadow, nor their watchful sleepless look, nor will they ever utterly lose it, for the iron has entered so deeply into her soul that even when the barb is withdrawn the rust will remain. But now a softer expression steals over the young face, for her thoughts have wandered to Angelo Egerton, She can almost hear him speaking. She knows so well:

> That style, so stately, sweet, and strong
> That tamely read had all the charm of song.

A step came along the gallery outside—not Sir Angelo's firm, light, almost noiseless step, but that of the old servant Burns.

"Miss Leonora," said he, "there is a person just called wanting to see Sir Angelo. I told him he was down at the House, and then he said he must see the young Spanish lady, Miss de Caldara."

"Did he give any name? But show him up; I will see him whoever he is," said Leonora, leaning back in her arm chair.

"His name is Harding, Miss Leonora."

"Harding—I thought so. Show him up," said the Castilian, drawing a deep breath.

In a few moments Robert Harding the detective, entered; a gentlemanly, intelligent, keenly sharp-looking man, between thirty and forty.

"How do you do, ma'am; I hope I see you well," he said with a low bow.

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Harding. Take a seat." Her eye went keen and straight to his as she added, bending forwards, "Have you come to tell me that Vivian has escaped you?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

She fell back again, and that sharp, momentary spasm crossed her face.

The detective noticed it.

"Are you in pain, Miss de Caldara?" he inquired. "Are you ill?"

"It is nothing," she replied; "only that stiletto wound. At distant intervals it pains me a little. Go on; tell me what you have to tell."

"Well, ma'am, you must know that when I last wrote, two months ago, I was sharp on his trail."

"Yes," said Leonora, "you had tracked him to Baden Baden."

"Av, right into Baden, ma'am," said Harding. "It was long before I found any trace, and then at last I found a clue at the passport office in Paris. You know I had a colored photograph of him from that portrait. I showed it, and they told me a man with just such burnished gold looking hair (they remembered only that) had passed through a week before for Lyons. I travelled night and day, and entered that city a few hours after my chase. But you were right in telling me that he was cunning as a fox, and slippery as an eel. He was gone—doubled upon me somehow, and reached Baden. That was shortly before Christmas, and I suspect he must have come over here; for at Baden I lost every trace of him, and was quite at sea until a month ago, and then I received information of him through an Englishman."

"An Englishman!" said Leonora.

"Yes, ma'am; a man with cold, sinister, snakey gray eyes and a down, evil look—he might have been sixty; and had been handsome. I booked him as a villain."

"Do you know his name?" said Leonora, quickly.

"Only what he said, ma'am, and that was Reynolds."

"It is Stephen Stanfeld," said Leonora; "you know of him."

"Oh yes, ma'am, though I never saw him till then. But I suspected who he was from what he said."

"Tell me about it," said Leonora.

The detective glanced at the quiet face with its deep, steady eyes, and brow of calm power, and went on.

"It was at a casino in Strasburg that I met my informant. It has always been my plan to get into conversation with any one and every one. I noticed the Englishman at once, and soon addressed him while he was playing. I lent him money for play and in that manner I won my way. Then I found out how long he had left England—he had only recently left it. I asked him carelessly if he had ever heard of the attempt last autumn, near a place near Forest Moor, to murder a South American lady named Jesuita de Castro. I saw directly by his face that he knew, before he answered fiercely, 'Yes, by a man named Vivian—curse him!' Oh, thought I, you hate him, my friend; very good, you may be useful. I won't trouble you with details, ma'am. Suffice it that I found from him that Vivian had robbed him about a month after his attempt to murder you; that he did hate him, and would like nothing better than to see him punished. I said I had some business to transact with him if I could find him, which, perhaps, might not be pleasant to him, and this man then told me that he knew Vivian had gone to Hamburg. I went Miss de Caldara. I saw him in a gaming house; he gave a password, and I knew it would be useless to go to the police there, for they play into the hands of those who keep these hells—you'll pardon the word, ma'am; to attempt to go in would have been worse, and so I waited and watched. He came out late at night with a number of his companions, and I followed him and marked the house he entered; but when later I called there, he was gone; whether he had seen me I don't know, but he had fled and escaped me, and from that time to this I have utterly lost him. I have also exhausted my funds and have returned for instructions—the chase seems almost hopeless. I came so late, because, if I am to continue, I could catch the first Calais or Rotterdam boat in the morning."

"Have you literally no clue?" asked Leonora.

"Not the finest thread," he replied; "it is almost hopeless. It seems to me, ma'am, merely flinging away Sir Angelo Egerton's money."

"It must be flung away, then," said the Castilian, rising; "he would not have it given up if it costs a fortune. You did right to come to-night."

"Perhaps, Miss de Caldara, you can give me a clue," said Harding. "Do you know in what manner he lived—if he had any property? Do you know anything of his antecedents?"

"No—I don't think he is really Stanfeld's nephew," she replied. "I am very sure that when he married Miss Stanfeld he had or appeared to have property, or her father would never have allowed the marriage. I am equally sure that when I was in that house he had no property of any kind whatever; he and Stanfeld were not then on very good terms. Vivian was and is a professed gambler—that I know."

"Do you know of any associates he had?" he next asked. "Any one he is likely to draw upon or apply to for money?"

"No one," said Leonora. "The only person he is likely to have in any manner gone to, is his poor wife, who is living with her grandfather; and even there, if he has been once, he will not go again, for Mr. Everard would give him up."

"Then I have no clue at all, ma'am," said the detective. "When will Sir Angelo be home?"

"I cannot tell. It is eleven now," said Leonora, holding out her watch. "The House is late, and it may be two or three o'clock before he returns. At what hour in the morning does the boat leave the river?"

"The Rotterdam boat at eight; the one from Dover to Calais at seven. I should have to leave town by a night train to catch it."

"Which is the best?" inquired Leonora.

"Well, ma'am, perhaps the Rotterdam boat; because if Vivian is a professed gamester he will hang about the German spas and towns—Heidelberg, Baden, Hamburg, and such like."

"Then go in that, Mr. Harding. Be here at six o'clock in the morning, and you shall see Sir Angelo. I am quite certain he will say as I do—persist at any cost."

The detective rose.

"I hope he will, ma'am, for I am very much annoyed that he has escaped me. I hope you do not think I have left anything undone."

"Most certainly not, Mr. Harding. We have the utmost confidence in you."

"Thank you," said he. "Good-night, ma'am."

"Good night, Mr. Harding," responded Leonora.

The detective departed, and the Rotterdam boat next morning bore him away to Holland.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Winning a Heart.

BY M. D.

THE red roses that draped the porch of Abwick Cottage were tossing their clusters in the breeze, as pretty May Brand ran out into the garden to welcome her husband.

"Well, you cruel stepmother," said he, as he passed one arm quietly around his wife's waist; "what have you done with the children?"

"They are in the schoolroom, making rose garlands for the Sunday school festival to night," said May Brand, laughing; "but tell me, Elbert, have you heard from your mother?"

He nodded.

"And what does she say?"

"Perhaps you had better read this letter for yourself," said Mr. Brand, with the greatest gravity, as he drew out an envelope from his breast pocket, and handed it to his wife.

She opened it, and read its contents with a throbbing heart.

"My dear son," Madam Brand had written, "I am sorry to hear that you have made such a fool of yourself as to marry your children's governess—"

"Oh, Elbert!" cried May, with a little sob.

"Read on, my dear," answered Elbert, laughing.

"And I can only say," added the letter, in stiff angular characters, "that although my home is open to your dear, motherless little ones, I shall never consent to receive your wife.

Your affectionate mother,
EUNICE BRAND."

May looked up at her husband with a pale, startled face.

"Oh, Elbert!" she exclaimed, "what shall we do?"

"Do?" he repeated, with a smile. "Why, what is there to do, except to be as happy as we can, and wait patiently for my mother to get the better of her very absurd prejudices."

The young wife clung close to her husband's side.

"Elbert," whispered she, with pleading eyes raised to his face, "are you sure—quite sure, that you are not sorry you married me? For I know I am but a child, although I love the little ones so dearly, and, after all, it seems inappropriate that I, a mere nursery governess, should take the place of Madam Brand's queenly daughter in your heart and home."

He took both her hands in his, and looked with infinite tenderness into her face.

"Little wife," said he, "you are more to me than all the world—my precious jewel, the benson star of my life."

And May was content.

Scarcely a week, however, had elapsed, when Madam Brand herself came unexpectedly upon the scene.

It was a balmy summer afternoon, the air filled with the scent of new mown hay, when an old lady, in a traveling cloak, of rich dark velvet, a close beaver hat, and a brooch of diamonds sparkling in the folds of lace that encircled her throat rang at the door of Abwick Cottage, with a prim maid at her side.

"Is my son at home?" said she to the servant.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the astonished woman.

"My son—Mr Brand."

"No ma'am; he's gone to the city; but Mrs B——"

"I want to hear nothing about Mrs Brand," said the old lady, stiffly. "Where are Elbert's children?"

"I was just a goin' to tell you, ma'am," said the servant, with rather an injured air, "as they was out in the grove with their mamma."

"I suppose you mean with Mrs. Brand," said the old lady, speaking the words as if with an effort.

"Shall I send for them, ma'am?"

"No," said Madam Brand; "give the direction to my maid. She will take me to my son's children."

May Brand was sitting in the clover-sprinkled grass, with little Ella covering her fair head with flowers, and the other children, gathered around her, when Georgie, the youngest and boldest of all, cried out:

"Oh, mamma, look—only look! There's a crooked old woman for all the world like a witch."

May started to her feet.

The old lady glared at her without recognizing her shy salutation in any way whatsoever.

"Children," said she grimly, "I am grandmamma."

The children started.

"And I've come to take you home with me to live," she added.

There was a momentary silence, and then the little flock gathered around their young stepmother.

"We won't go," said Ella.

"We'll never leave mamma," spoke up Georgie.

The old lady grew scarlet.

"You don't know what a grand place Brand Hall is," said she. "There's a pair of ponies there, a goat carriage, and a whole roomful of toys that belonged to your papa once. And you'll play all day long, and have all that you choose to ask for."

"Not without mamma," said Georgie, shortly; while Frank, the eldest, took her hand in his with a caressing air of protection.

"Don't be afraid, mamma," said he; "we would never leave you. Grandmother, you are very good, but we choose to stay with mamma."

And old Madam Brand turned abruptly round.

"We will go home," she said addressing her maid.

"Will you not stay for some refreshments?" asked May, shyly. "My husband will be home in about an hour, and will regret to hear that you have gone without seeing him."

Madam Brand then turned sharply upon her.

"Young woman," said she, "you have stolen from me my son's heart and the love of these innocent children, but there is one thing you cannot steal, and that is my independence and free will. Susan, the carriage."

Frank looked wistfully into his stepmother's face as the old lady stalked silently away.

"Mamma," said he, "are you vexed?"

"No, dearest," she answered, with an effort. "She is old, and we should never be vexed with old people."

Half an hour afterwards the gardener and two or three other men, came up the path, carrying a burden between them—a helpless old lady, with her grey hair bedabbled with blood.

"It was the horses took fright at the train passing under the bridge, ma'am," said the gardener, who had hurried out with a pallid face and startled eyes. "And the old lady was flung out."

And when Elbert came home he was astonished to find his mother, pale and senseless, on a sofa in the parlor, and his young wife watching over her.

"Elbert," said May, looking up into her husband's face, "I think heaven has sent her to my care."

"But, my own darling, if she should die?"

"She will not die," said May, quietly. "I shall nurse her back to life, and perhaps she will learn to love me, after all."

"If she does not!" cried Elbert fervently, "she must have a heart of stone."

A month had passed away; Madam Brand promoted for the first time to a pillow-lined easy chair, was enjoying the sweet breeze at the window, with Elbert seated at her side, while May had gone to hear little Georgie's prayers before he fell asleep.

The young wife soon returned, and, on the very threshold she heard her mother say, earnestly:

"I thank God, Elbert, for all that has happened to me during the past month. For if it were not for that awful shadowy danger through which I have passed I should never have known what an angel your wife is."

May came softly into the room, and knelt down like a white shadow at Madam Brand's side.

The old lady caressed her with a loving hand.

"My guardian angel," said she; "my sunbeam."

"Call me your daughter," whispered May, with her cheek laid against the white, withered old hand. "Only say that you will be my mother; for I have been motherless for so many years."

"May—daughter," said Madam Brand, with tears in her eyes.

And the word was sweeter than any music in May's ears.

She knew that she had won the heart of her husband's mother at last.

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A woman in Los Angelos, Cal., became possessed of the notion that her little girl might, by slow starvation, be brought to such a physical condition, that she would be translated to the spirit world without dying. With that end in view she fed the child on fruit only, steadily diminishing the quantity, until the victim was horribly emaciated. Neighbors then interfered, much to the displeasure of the mother, who declared that the little one had reached a point where visions of spirit life betokened the nearness of the expected change.

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Forty six thousand dollars worth of lobsters were shipped from Halifax for the London market last Tuesday, it being the first cargo.

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Conkling and Bayard are each fifty-one years old.

## Love's Triumph.

BY M. D.

MATTIE had a very fiery temper, but that was her worst fault.

When she married John Eldon, people said:

"She'll make his life a warm business for him."

But Mattie thought differently.

"I'll show them what a triumph love will work. I'll teach them I'm not the vixen I seem."

And so she married him.

The wedding was a very pleasant affair—something to look back to as long as they lived.

The honeymoon was rich with the pleasures of new married life to the humble pair, but the time soon came when the bride must leave the old roof tree for the untried realities of a home of her own.

That was the first trial—the trial of leaving home and mother; but it was fleeting, for in the excitement of "setting up" housekeeping in the white cottage on Squire Black's farm, the little sorrow was at once drowned.

It was very funny—John laughed, and Mattie laughed, when just they two sat down to the little new table, and ate the viands prepared by Mattie's own hands.

Everything was new and strangely sweet. Everything went on nicely, and Mattie was triumphant. But all things earthly must change.

The weather grew warm, the kitchen hot, and one of the hottest days of the season Mattie had the headache, and supper must be ready at five o'clock.

Mattie tried to get it ready, but burnt her wrist; then she burnt the bread. She looked at the clock, and saw that it had stopped; then, looking out of the door, she saw John coming.

"Is supper ready?" he asked; and she muttered something—so they had their first quarrel.

Oh, dear, the first quarrel! How sorry it made the poor little woman!

But John looked sullen, and left without kissing her.

They never talked that quarrel over, simply because each was too proud to broach the subject.

After that time quarrels came oftener and oftener.

They didn't mean to quarrel, but somehow angry words would come up.

After awhile a little boy came to their household, and it seemed for a month or two a good deal like the well remembered honeymoon; but Mattie's wretched temper would fly to pieces again, and the happiness was spoiled.

"It's curious we can't get along without so much quarreling," said John, one winter day.

Mattie felt the tears in her eyes in a moment, her heart softened, and she was about to confess her failings and ask his forgiveness, when he continued:

"It's all your hateful temper, Mattie—you know it is."

That was enough, and what was meant to be a reconciliation was really another quarrel.

"Oh, dear me, it is my wretched temper—I know it is!" sobbed Mattie, after John had went out: "but he needn't have said so."

"If I only wasn't so blunt," said John to himself, with a sigh.

So things went from bad to worse. Little mistakes were magnified into terrible wrongs.

The neighbors had their fill of gossip about the matter, and finally, one day, when John was away, Mattie thought the thing over.

"I'm a wretched little nuisance," she said, mentally; "I don't know why I am so either; but I can't help it," she said, despairingly, her lips quivering, and her eyes filling with tears. "I've a great mind to take Fred and go home, and stay there. My shame couldn't be greater than it is."

She clasped the baby close in her arms, and the tears fell thick and fast on his curly head.

Her heart seemed bursting within her, but she wrapped the child in her shawl, and with quickening step she fled the place and hurried across the snow-covered fields to her mother's.

"What's the matter, child?" asked her mother, as Mattie, pale and shivering, appeared at the door.

"Don't ask me, mother," sobbed the wretched little woman.

"You ain't left home?"

"Yes, mother, for ever."

"Don't say that to me. You shall go back this instant," said her mother, thinking of the scandal that was sure to follow such a proceeding by her miserable daughter.

"Oh, don't, mother!" and Mattie looked the picture of despair.

"Tell me about it, my dear child," said the mother, melted into tenderness by that look.

Then Mattie, through her tears, told her mother all, and ended with these pitiful words:

"But, oh, mother, I love him the father of my child—I love him, but he doesn't understand me. If he could but understand me!" and she fell sobbing beside her mother's knee.

"Let me advise you, my child," said the mother, softly stroking her daughter's hair. "I've passed through it all, and I'll tell you a little secret. There is almost certain to be little differences come up between husband and wife, and often words are spoken that are regretted a moment afterwards. But, my child, such a word can do no harm, if it is repented of, and confession made. If you have said anything to wound your husband's feelings, no matter what he may have said to you, go and tell him you are sorry, and I know that he will not only forgive you, but will beg you to forgive him. The hour that follows will be more delightful than the hour of your wedding. Let me tell you of a little instance in my own life."

And her mother told her of one of those little family differences that come up between so many worthy couples.

The story ended so pleasantly that it soothed the tempest in the breast of the heart-sick daughter.

After the story was done, Mattie still knelt resting her tired head on her mother's knee.

Her mother stroked the glossy hair in silence for some time, but Mattie's thoughts were busy.

Suddenly she arose, took her child in her arms, wrapped it close in a shawl, and prepared to go.

"Where are you going, my child?" asked her mother.

"To make my confession," she answered through her tears.

"Heaven bless you!" said her mother.

When John came home that night a pretty scene met his view.

The fire was burning joyously on the hearth, and before it stood Mattie, dressed in a neat calico wrapper with snowy collar and cuffs, and a scarlet bow of ribbon at her throat.

Baby sat on his pallet before the fire, crowing lustily, and beating the floor with a tin rattle.

Supper was on the table, and the tea was steaming on the hearth.

John was cold, but such a scene warmed him.

He went straight to the pallet and commenced a romp with the baby.

Mattie went and knelt there, too, determined to make her confession, but she did not know how to commence.

It was easy to think of beforehand, but when the time came she was lost.

There was an awkward pause—then both spoke at once.

"Mattie, I've been——"

"John, I'm sorry——"

Their eyes met, and each saw the tenderness in those of the other, and all was told in an instant. Both had made their confession.

John opened his arms, and Mattie fell sobbing on his breast, while baby looked on in amazement.

From that hour they were the happiest of couples.

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HOW TO MAKE RAT PIE.—Rats have hitherto been looked upon as vermin to be extirpated without mercy whenever the chance offered. An English clergyman has raised his voice in their favor, and declares them to be savory and wholesome for food. The time is probably not far distant when side by side with rabbits will be displayed "fine barn fed rats." The reverend gentleman has been delivering a series of lectures on natural history, and in the course of one recently remarked that "in consequence of a statement made by him a short time since, he had received upwards of 1 000 letters of inquiry as to how to make rat pie! He could not answer the queriats individually, so he took this opportunity to state publicly that rat pie was made in precisely the same way as rabbit pie, the only difference being that the former was far more delicious than the latter. The cook should be careful to procure as fine rats as possible, cut off their tails, skin and dress them, then cut them in four pieces and add a few pieces of pork fat. When cooked and cold the pie will be found full of the most delicious jelly. He further stated that he had often been dining with his friends when they had left the daintiest viands on the table untouched, while every scrap of rat pie had been devoured. There is no accounting for tastes, but we should advise our readers to avoid the rodents of the drains and gutters, and to eat only those which have been fed on grain and cheese, or the most dire results, in the form of blood poisoning and a variety of diseases, may follow the unwholesome meal.

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Fifty poor orphan boys at a House of Refuge for the poor in Trieste Austria recently set upon the Superintendent of the institution with their work tools and killed him. A warden who came to his assistance was wounded and the police and municipal guard had to be called in to quell the disturbance and march the boys off to prison.

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Gladstone's portrait cost £1,000.

### IF I COULD KNOW.

BY W. C. P.

If I could know that waiting, toiling here
Through weary years, till all my strength was gone,
Would bring to me at last one day—just one,
Of rest and peace when all my toil was done,
I'd labor on.

If I could know that, by and by, the clouds
Which now seem growing darker every day
Would break and let the sunshine through once more,
I'd murmur not, but travel o'er and o'er
The same dark way.

If I could see, far o'er the rugged hills
And dreary wastes before me, one bright spot
Through which my path would lead I'd struggle on,
Footsore and tired till hope and strength were gone,
And falter not.

If I could know that in the Far Beyond—
That Mystic Land where peaceful rivers flow—
Those I have loved and lost would smile once more
To welcome me when I should reach the shore
I'd long to go.

But faith is weak, and hope is waning fast,
Though oft a voice still whispers, "All is well,"
And sometimes, through the darkness, I can see
A ray of light, but what the end will be
I cannot tell.

## Somebody's Essay.

BY CELANIRE.

SOMEBODY sat at her desk in a most disconsolate state of mind. She had been chosen as an essayist for one of the meetings of the little Quakertown Lyceum, but so far had been unable to find anything to write about.

It was all in vain that she had listened to wise people talking—all in vain that she had turned over leaf after leaf of encyclopedias, histories, and other big books in hopes of lighting on some happy thought.

Day after day had passed; the appointed evening was very, very close at hand, and she was still as far from a subject as ever.

"How I do wish that I were learned!" she soliloquized. "Then, perhaps, I might think of something wherewith to edify that august assemblage,—wise reflections, perchance, on some epoch of the world's history—or an account of the recent progress of science, or the latest bit of art gossip. Ah, yes, there are a thousand and one things of which I might tell, if—if—I only were very learned. But, oh dear! there's just nothing for me to write about!"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" mimicked a little voice close by, "nothing to write about!"

Somebody looked in the direction of the voice, rubbed her eyes to be sure she was not dreaming, and looked again in amazement; for there, on the edge of her inkstand, sat the tiniest of sprites, balancing and swaying to and fro as though he every moment expected to tumble into the ink.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" he repeated, this time with a little, piping laugh; "nothing to write about! Why, I could show you ever so many things in this one room. But the trouble is, you are too stupid to use your eyes."

"Too stupid, indeed!" rejoined Somebody, with indignation; "I should like to know what you can show me so wonderful in this room."

"Softly, softly, my young friend," said the sprite; "suppose you look at the blank sheet of paper lying before you—look very attentively, mind—and tell me what you see."

Somebody shrugged her shoulders dubiously, but looked, and behold! instead of the blank white paper, a panorama of moving figures presented itself; at first misty, like the vague imaginings of a dream, they soon took shape as the half forgotten memories of things seen or heard.

First of all, came by a troop of men, women and children. Wretched looking, indeed, were some of these—ragged, decrepit, old men, who walked with tottering steps; younger men, equally ragged, and, alas! equally feeble and unsteady in gait, but from a far different cause; women with pale, starved faces, or a look even more sad and awful, and children whose young countenances were already marred by disease or crime. Yet by far the greater number were a class of sturdy beggars, who elbowed their way through the crowd, pushing aside the weaker ones; and some few there were whose honest faces might seem to entitle them to a place among the more deserving poor.

But, however different in appearances, they were all intent on one thing—rag picking.

In the rear of the great warehouses of the city, in the cellars of rich and poor, in the by-streets and alleys, on bleak, lonely commons in the suburbs, wherever an ash barrel or a pile of refuse had been emptied, there these people might be seen, busily sorting out the bits of rags and paper, and carrying them in great sacks to the paper factories.

As these figures vanished from sight another scene appeared—the paper mill itself, with all its curious machinery.

First of all, there were great cylinders, into which the rags (or waste papers) were thrust, to be torn to shreds by the sharp knives projecting inwards.

And then, what a fuss the whole machinery made over these same rags or papers! Such a dusting as they underwent, such a washing and boiling and bleaching, the cruel knives nearly all the while cutting them into smaller bits, and mixing them up, until the poor little rags might well have wondered, with the old woman in the nursery rhyme, whether this were really they, or something or somebody else! And then, what an endless beating they received, until their life as rags or papers was quite beaten out of them, and they were converted into a soft pulp.

And now this pulpy mass was moved along over an endless wire belt, on which it was shaken out evenly and received its water mark from the crossed wires underneath.

Then it was pressed and dried between heated cylinders; and at last it emerged from its trials as clean, pure paper—white or cream color, or blue.

Then all these scenes faded away, and Somebody found herself staring at the blank sheet of paper on her desk. But there sat the sprite on her inkstand, swinging to and fro, and clapping his tiny hands gleefully.

"Well, well," said he, "so you did see something after all, eh?"

"I don't know," rejoined Somebody, doubtfully; "perhaps I dreamt it. I don't see anything else particularly interesting in this room."

"I told you that you were too stupid to use your eyes," retorted the sprite.

"Look at the lead pencil you hold in your hand," he continued, "red cedar from Florida, graphite from the now disused mine of Barrowdale, England. What a tale it might tell you of either place, especially of the latter! How this mine has been known from the days of Queen Elizabeth, how the graphite there—so free from impurity—no doubt first suggested its use for pencils; how the mine became such an object of plunder that secret passage-ways were dug through to it from neighboring mines, and it was once forcibly taken possession of at the surface; all this and more it would tell you if it could but speak."

"Dear me," said Somebody, "I knew all that about pencils, read it somewhere, long, long ago. But, pray tell me, what else is there in this room worth talking about?"

"I should like to know," observed the sprite, a little wrathfully, "what use you make of your eyes at all! Why the very carpet under your feet and the paper on the wall might tell you stories of their ancestry, extending far back into the dim twilight of Asiatic days.

"Even the ray of sunlight that streams through this window has led a strange life. Did you never, never think of the possibilities of its experience? How it started from its home in the sun on purpose to reach this window; how, on its journey, it must have crossed the track of that as yet unknown planet Vulcan, and perhaps of his younger brothers, too, whom no man has yet seen; how it has, still journeying onward, passed by Mercury and Venus, leaving, perhaps, after the usual kindly fashion of sunshine, a little light and warmth in the edge of their atmospheres; how it has braved the dangers of meteors and other celestial bodies, and the pitiless exactions of all matters through which it passes, even helping to make the sky above you blue with its diffused light, until at last, at last, it reaches this one window—the goal of its desire—and streams through to fill your heart with gladness! Ah no, you neither observe nor think of the marvel and beauty in the every-day things about you. You do not, because you will not."

"Well, perhaps," mused Somebody, thoughtfully, "perhaps if you were always by to help me, I might learn to use my eyes."

"You have only to call me and I will come," answered the sprite, kindly.

"But how can I call you, when I don't even know your name?"

"It isn't every one who does know my full name," returned the sprite, laughing in his former gleeful manner; "that is the queer part of it. Some call me by my first name, Observation, and these people are the ones who are very, very quick to see whatever goes on about them, but who do so little thinking over it all that they rarely grasp the inner truth and beauty existing in common things."

"Well," queried Somebody, a little impatiently, "your first name, you say, is Observation; and your second is——?"

"Reflection," answered the sprite, promptly filling in the pause she made. "But those who call me by my second name only belong to that class of people who do so much thinking over a few things that they forget to observe how many wonders are happening all around them. And so, in time, they grow narrow in their views and are led into many errors."

"You must be quite a useful member of society," remarked Somebody.

"Only so far as I do my duty," rejoined the sprite, modestly. "Yet I will say this, that all men and women who rise to eminence do so through my aid. Never was there a fine poet but I have directed his thoughts, never a great reformer but I have quickened his perceptions of the beautiful and true, never a skilful physician but I have taught his brain the wisdom and his hand the cunning that makes him a real healer of mankind; and more than this, it is I who gives the human face its attractiveness, I who chisel the features day by day into an embodiment of the soul beneath, I who give the eyes their intelligence and beauty, and the mouth its curves of strength and tenderness."

"You are a most wonderful little being," remarked Somebody. "Pray, tell me——"

"My dear young friend," interrupted the sprite, waving his tiny hand deprecatingly, "pray don't ask me any more questions; I have talked myself out. I see that you have many things to learn yet, and among them this that even the Spirit of Observation and Reflection becomes wearied, if followed up too persistently."

With these words this little sprite, who had been all the while see-sawing on the edge of the inkstand, suddenly loosed his hold and plunged head foremost into the ink.

And then Somebody, left to herself, set to work to pick up as best she might, the scattered bits of this talk, so as to mosaic them into some connected thought, fit to present to the Lyceum.

It would be hard to tell whether or not the sprite of Observation and Reflection staid long enough in her inkstand to impart the magic of his wisdom to her pen. No doubt he departed ere long on his wanderings to the inkstands of more clever authors. And yet I cannot help thinking that if Somebody—or Anybody, either—would often call this little sprite to their side, they might always find new and wondrous beauties in the commonest things of life.

### FASHIONS IN PROPOSING.

THE custom which reserves the right of proposing to the stronger sex is not so universal as many suppose. An Israelitish widow had, by law, a power of claiming in marriage the brother of her deceased husband, in which case, as the privilege of the male was transferred to the female, that of the female was likewise transferred to the male. He had the power of refusing; the refusal, however was attended with some mortifying circumstances; the woman whom he had thus slighted was to come unto him in the august presence of the elders of the city, and to loose the shoe from his foot and spit in his face. A custom somewhat similar to this remains at present among some of the Indian tribes. When a wife dies the husband is obliged to marry the sister, or in her stead the woman whom the family of the deceased wife shall choose for him. A widow is also obliged to marry one of the brothers of the deceased husband, if he had died without children and she is still of age to have any. Exactly the same thing takes place in the Caroline island, and there the woman may demand such brother to marry her. In the State of New Grenada the right of asking is promiscuously exerted by both sexes, who, when they feel the passion of love, declare it without the least embarrassment; and among the Cossacks the same thing is said to be carried still further, and the women more generally court the men.

When a young lady falls in love with a man she is not in the least ashamed to go to his father's house and reveal her passion in the most pathetic manner, and promise submissive obedience if he will accept her for a wife. Should the man pretend any excuse, she tells him she is resolved never to go out of the house till he gives his consent; and accordingly takes up her lodgings there. If he still obstinately refuses her, his case becomes exceedingly distressing; the church is commonly on her side, and to turn her out would provoke all her kindred to revenge her honor; so that he has no method left but to betake himself to flight unless she is otherwise disposed of.

As the two sexes in Greece had but little intercourse with each other, and a lover was seldom favored with an opportunity of telling his passion to his mistress, he used to deck the door of the house where the fair one lived with flowers and garlands; to make libations of wine before it in the manner that was practiced at the Temple of Cupid. When a love affair did not prosper in the hands of a Greek, he did not endeavor to become more engaging in his manner and person; he did not lavish his fortune in presents, or become more assiduous in his attentions, but immediately had recourse to incantation philters; in composing and dispensing of which the women of Thessaly were reckoned the most famous. These potions were given by the women to the men, as well as by the men to the women, and were generally so violent in their operations as for some time to deprive the person who took them of sense, and not uncommonly of life.

An old resident of Zululand says that the Zulu king has thus far received no injury at all from the English. His sole wealth lies in his crops and his cattle—he has gathered the former and kept the latter. Some of his warriors have been killed, but then he loses a certain number every year, either by massacreing them himself or by their flight into Natal. He has gained enormously in arms and ammunition captured during the war.

## Scientific and Useful.

LIVING BURIAL.—One hundred and sixty-two authentic cases of living burial are put on record by an eminent French physician. The period of unconsciousness before burial, in these cases, lasted from two hours to forty-two. The causes of apparent death were these: Syncope hysteria, apoplexy, narrotism, concussion of brain, anæsthesia, lightning and drunkenness.

FACTS.—Chloral hydrate is known to act as an antidote to strychnine, lessening the spasm, and even preventing death. A cloth soaked in a solution of nitrate of lead (one part in one hundred of water) quickly destroys bad odors. Chloride of zinc is an admirable disinfectant for foul liquid (1 part in 200 of water.) This is used, by order, in the German navy for bilge water.

IMPERISHABLE BOOTS.—A German inventor proposes to make boots that will never wear out. He mixes with a waterproof glue a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand, which is spread on the thin leather sole employed as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be flexible and almost indestructible, while they enable the wearer to walk safely over slippery roads.

ÆRIAL TELEGRAPHY.—Prof. Loomis, of Washington, who has been for several months in the mountains of West Virginia conducting a series of experiments with aerial telegraphy has demonstrated finally that telegraphy without wires is practicable. His manner of operating consists of running a wire to a certain altitude reaching a particular current of electricity, which, according to Professor Loomis, can be found at various heights. At any distance away this same current can be reached by a wire, and communication can be had immediately. The apparatus necessary to bring about this wonder is very simple and inexpensive.

TREES AND MOISTURE.—From some observations relative to comparative influence of leafy woods and resinous woods on rain and the hygrometric state of the air, it appears that pine forests have a much greater influence on the hygrometric state than others; so that if the vapors dissolved in the air were apparent like fogs, we should see forests shrouded in a large screen of moisture, and in the case of resinous woods the envelope would be more pronounced than in that of leafy woods. Pines retain in their branches more than half of the water which is poured upon them, whereas leafy trees allow fifty per cent. of the precipitated water to reach the surface of the ground. It is suggested, therefore, that in planting with a view to oppose inundations, it would be advisable to choose by preference resinous trees, as offering a better covert.

THE AUTOPHONE.—The *Scientific American* publishes a lengthy illustrated explanation of an instrument named the autophone, for which letters patent have been issued. It is claimed by its inventor to be entirely original, both in its conception and fundamental in principle, and it is believed to be the first successful invasion of the domain of music by automatic mechanism. The autophone is operated by a thin sheet of paper only three and seven-eighths inches in width, punctured with small holes. The instrument is provided with any number of stops, and, if a reed or pipe instrument, with any number of sets of reeds or pipes. The invention is applicable to instruments of any quality, from the cheapest piano or cabinet organ to a grand church organ. The music sheet is prepared to represent not only the notes, but also the entire expression required to render the music in the most perfect and artistic manner.

## Farm and Garden.

CARE OF MILK.—A pail of milk standing where it is exposed to the scent of a strong smelling stable, or any other offensive odor, will absorb a taint that will not leave it.

THE POTATO BUG.—A Colorado farmer says that planting one or two flax seeds in each hill of potatoes will keep away the much-dreaded potato bugs. Hope some of our farmers will try the experiment.

POTATOES.—A little dry sand covered over potatoes when they are first put in the cellar will destroy any unpleasant odor they may have. A sprinkling of dry, air-slaked lime will mitigate a tendency to rot.

THE CURCULIO.—Corn cobs dipped into molasses and suspended from limbs in the plum trees has saved many a crop of plums. The curculio will lay his brood in the sweetened corn cob instead of the plums. From six to twelve prepared corn cobs are sufficient for an ordinary-sized tree.

PULVERIZED ALUM.—Pulverized alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large spoonful stirred into a hogshead of water will so purify it that in a few hours the impurities will all sink to the bottom, and the water will be fresh and clear. Four gallons may be purified by a teaspoonful of alum.

HENS.—Hens do much better when allowed a free range out doors than when confined. In France it has been found that with fowls allowed considerable freedom twenty per cent. only of their eggs fail to hatch; with less freedom forty per cent. failed, and in close confinement sixty per cent were not hatched.

SOOT FOR PLANTS.—Collect some soot from a chimney or stove where wood is used for fuel, put into an old pitcher, and pour hot water upon it. When cool use it to water your plants every few days. The effect upon plants is wonderful in producing a rapid growth of thrifty shoots, with large thick leaves and a great number of richly-tinted roses.

NEW WHEAT PEST.—A new wheat pest has made its appearance in some parts of North Carolina, and is fast destroying the crops. It is a weed that has sprung up simultaneously with the wheat, and grows about the same height. Nothing of the kind has ever been seen before, and the people call it Dutch cockle. It has a white bloom on the top, and bears numerous pods, each of which contains four seeds.

PROTECTING PARTRIDGES.—A farmer in this State will not allow partridges to be killed on his place. He states that recent investigations made by him prove conclusively that they are the best protection the wheat crop could have. In the craw of one he found over a hundred bugs of the most destructive kind to the wheat crop. His crop is excellent, while those of his neighbors have been ruined by bugs.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 5 1879


## BRAIN HOLIDAYS.

THE masses who depend mainly upon their physical exertions for a livelihood are apt to fancy that mind-work is light labor. This is a great mistake. No kind of toil more rapidly exhausts the bodily energies than incessant thought. Happiest, healthiest, most likely to live long and enjoy life, are they who judiciously blend intellectual with mechanical exercise. With that delicate and wonder working muscle, the brain, all the elements of the body—"marrow, bones, and all"—directly sympathize. Twenty-four hours of hard thinking prostrate the system more completely than a day's mowing, digging, or plowing. The master organ, therefore, is as well entitled to its holidays as the vassal arm which it governs and directs, and needs them quite as much—perhaps more. Delicious are its seasons of perfect rest, when the cares and troubles of business are cast aside, and nothing is permitted to intermeddle with its dreamy trance. Sabbaths are the God ordained holidays of the brain. He who gave to intellect its progressive power, knew that it must bivouac on the march. "Six days shalt thou labor," but on the seventh "do no manner of work," applies to mind as well as muscle; and whoever disobeys the kindly mandate, trifles with his health, mental and bodily, and is guilty of the blindest folly as well as the basest ingratitude.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little fun with the humdrum of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright, and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good, but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is oppressive to hear people constantly striving to say witty or funny things, it is pleasant, seeing what a brightener a little fun is, to make an effort to have some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes, and to regard it from a humorous point of view instead of becoming irritated about it.

NATURE is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain—in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will admit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order; a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which, in absence, draws back the heart by the associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness and peace. Ye parents who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful and happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them; but plant in their minds and souls, in the way proposed, the seeds of virtue and prosperity.

## SANCTUM CHAT.

THE fashion of wearing sets of rings has been adopted in Paris, and a French bridegroom presents his bride with a set of three rings. The engagement ring is a gold gypsy ring set with gems.

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FASHION has made the cotillion more varied and popular than ever in Paris. At a recent ball given by the Comte de Camondo, the cost of the banquets and presents given to the ladies is estimated at four thousand dollars.

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THE *Art Interchange*, of New York, offers a prize of $50 for the best design for a portiere, and $10 for the second best; $50 for the best design for a set of twelve tiles, or six dinner plates, and $10 for the second best; and $5 for the best set of twelve dinner cards, and $3 for the second best. The designs are to be in by November, and no doubt a great deal of talent will be brought into competition for the prizes.

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THE cannibalism of the Australian aborigines is undeniable. But it has its limitations. The line must be drawn somewhere. A father may not eat the flesh of his child, nor the child that of its father. Yet mothers eat their children, and children eat their mothers; and in other degrees the same horrible custom is followed. The reason assigned for it by the natives is that relatives are thereby enabled to forget deceased and kindred, and will not continue to mourn for them too long.

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DIME novel reading is held responsible for the practices of a youthful band of burglars recently discovered at South Royalton. The boys belonged to respectable families, but yellow covered trash turned their heads, and they organized with secret signs, grips, and pass words. Solemn oaths bound them, and their rendezvous was a cave in the hillside. One of the thieves gave his sweetheart an elegant gold ring, stolen from the village jewelry store, and this led to the detection of the gang.

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A CAUTION to pipe smokers is contained in the experience of a French porter who recently cut the forefinger of his left hand with a knife with which he had been cleaning out his pipe. The next day the finger swelled and the arm became inflamed, while tumors appeared under the armpits. The doctor who was called in recognized poisoning by nicotine, and seeing that amputation was necessary, sent the man to a hospital, where at last accounts he was lying in a very precarious condition.

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THE inventor of shoes for walking on the water gave an exhibition at Memphis, with unfortunate results. He stepped boldly off the levee, but the buoyancy of the shoes was not equal to expectation, and he immediately stepped into the river. He was so nearly drowned when rescued that they had to roll him on a barrel. No more successful was the trial of a flying machine at San Francisco. The inventor started from a housetop, fluttered briefly in the air, and fell into a stream, where the apparatus nearly caused his death by sinking him.

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IT is announced that the negotiations begun eighteen months ago with the view of securing for New York the obelisk now standing at Alexandria in Egypt have been brought to a successful termination, and the Khedive has offered the monument to the city. The official papers announcing the success of the negotiations have been received, it is said, at the State Department, and the business details of the transfer will be completed as speedily as possible. The cost of the transportation of the monolith across the Atlantic Ocean will be defrayed by the liberality of a private citizen. The companion of this monolith now stands on the Thames Embankment in London.

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A queer lawsuit is about to come before the courts of Iowa, the subject of dispute being a huge meteoric stone which fell in Emmet the other day, and which was dug out of the earth in which it buried itself by persons who were not owners of the land. The land proprietors claim that the treasure is theirs, because it fell upon their property; the discoverers aver that it belongs to them, because they saw it drop, and dug it up. A man who discovers a mine is *de facto* owner of it, no matter upon whose land it may be, and the issue will probably be raised whether this stone may not also be considered as under the same law, inasmuch as it weighs six hundred pounds, and is worth a good many hundred dollars.

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DERMATOPHONY, myophony, tendophony, and osteophony, are medical terms introduced since the discovery of the microphone, and imply that by the microphone doctors are able to hear the sounds from the flow of blood in the skin, and from the contraction of the muscles and tendons, and from the vibration of the bony structure. Through this invention an inflammation in any of the internal organs should be easily discovered, for inflammation is always accompanied by the increased activity of the circulation. Since we can thus hear the rush of blood in the tips of the fingers, it may be presumed that we shall soon be able to realize the old notion about listening to the growing of the grass.

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PERSONS who turn their summer wanderings toward the seashore, and secure fine specimens of sea weed, can preserve them very satisfactorily in the following manner, advised by an expert in the process: Float out each specimen by itself in salt water, in a white dish, like a washbowl. Put the paper under the plant in the water, arrange the plant on the paper and carefully draw it out. Lay the paper with the plant upon it on drying paper, and spred over it a piece of white muslin. Then spread over this a layer of drying paper, then more cloth, drying paper, etc. Put all under a board, and weight it with forty or fifty pounds of stone, or other heavy substances. The next day change the cloths and drying paper, and in one day more the plants will be dry and ready to go into the herbarium or the album for permanent preservation.

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IT must be concluded that the rage for beauty is inflicting in many ways a palpable injury upon the rising generation. When girls learn, as they are now taught, that good looks are more valuable than anything else, they naturally strain every nerve and make every sacrifice to make themselves good-looking, or what will pass for it. The extravagance in dress, the sad misuse of cosmetics, the waste of time, the fretting and canker, the myriad evils, in brief, that come in the train of this absorbing passion are the very dry rot of the female soul. It is the thought of things like these that makes one sigh, even in the dazzling effulgence of the reign of beauty, for the homelier days of our grandmothers, when girls were told and believed, that handsome is that handsome does, and that nothing could be really beautiful that had to be made so by paint or whitewash.

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EIGHTEEN or nineteen years ago a Commission decided that it was possible to construct a lighthouse on a wave-washed rock off Cape Finisterre, France. The currents at the proposed site were so strong that a contrary breeze was sufficient to raise an ugly sea, which prevented any approach to the rock. Ordinary workmen could not attempt the task of preparing the foundation for the structure. Fishermen from the Isle of Sein had to be employed, and they wore life belts when at work, in case they might slip off the rock into the water, and drown before assistance could reach them. Only at rare intervals could they make any progress with their undertaking. During 1867 about eight hours work was all they did, and this was represented by fifteen borings in the rock. The next year was more favorable, and forty holes were made. The building was begun in 1869, and now it rises forty feet above the highest tide, or nearly half the total height when it is finished. Among the hazardous feats of lighthouse construction, this piece of engineering will occupy a prominent place.

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SEVERAL articles and letters have been printed in the German papers of late lauding the efficacy of the sting of the common bee as a cure for gout. Here is one of these communications, which appeared only a few days ago in the Augsburg *Evening Gazette*: "I was lying in bed," says the writer, "suffering from a heavy attack of gout, accompanied with violent pains in my left foot, when I chanced to read in a newspaper an article describing how gout may be cured by the sting of bees. I at once determined to try the remedy, and soon contrived a small box by means of which a captured bee could be applied to the afflicted part; I then let my foot be stung by three bees in succession, each bee leaving his sting behind in my flesh. After a few minutes these stings were extracted, and when the pain caused by them had subsided I found that the gouty pains had also left me. On the same day I left my bed, and on the morrow was able to walk about. For some little time my foot was slightly inflamed, and I experienced some burning sensation; but in four or five days this left me, and I was completely recovered."

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THE recent sinking of several men-of-war together, in South American waters, recalls the battles of the classic age, when the recognized mode of fighting was to "ram" the enemy's vessel with a heavy prow of iron or brass, and the sinking of at least half the beaten fleet was quite a matter of course. Modern warfare, however, contains not a few striking instances of the same kind. At the battle of Syma, under Edward III., an English crew feeling their ship settling down, boarded and carried the nearest Frenchman just in time, their own vessel sinking the moment they had quitted her. Sir Richard Grenville, in 1556, performed a similar feat, floating himself on a raft alongside the heavy Spanish galleon whose guns had shattered his light cruiser, and capturing her while his own ship sank unheeded. A few years later the same hero kept at bay fifty three Spanish sail for a whole night with his single ship, the Revenge, sinking four of them, and at length bidding the gunner blow up his vessel with all hands. She sank, however, before the order could be obeyed. In one of the great sea fights of the last century a French and an English ship went down side by side before the grappling irons could be cast off, and very few of either crew were saved.

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A CLOWN was buried at Finchley, England, a few Sundays ago, according to his directions. First in funeral procession rode the ringleader, leading four *dames de la cirque* in costume. These ladies were followed by the bounding brothers, the sword swallowers, the saltimbanques, the bareback riders, and other female performers. Then came a dwarf, carrying a black flag, and after him the Barbary ape, Jacko, on a Shetland pony. Jacko was in a suit of sables, and his steed was also decked in the trappings and the suits of woe. The coffin was borne on an open bier, and on the plate, where the royal coronet should be, were the motley garments of the clown. Two clown colleagues followed the hearse, but if they filled the position of chief mourners their garb was certainly not in keeping with their place, for they were chalked, ochred, and dressed as if for performance. The strange cavalcade was wound up by part of the circus band in one of the gaudy professional carriages. They played such airs as "Go Where Glory Waits Thee," and "In Some Far Sultry Clime. At the cemetery the last remains of Billy Walton were laid in the grave, and when the daisy quilt was snugly spread over him, each of his brother clowns turned a somersault over his resting place, and with that the remarkable interment concluded.

### THE HUMAN SWALLOW.

BY P. S.

The several ways in which men die,
The birds set forth to thoughtful breasts;
Some I have seen compell'd to fly
Through having stones thrown in their nests.

And I have seen the housetops throng'd
With Swallows ready for their flight,
Who stretch'd their wings, as though they long'd
To anchor in the land of light.

And, when I bow to Time's last law,
May Death not come as throwing stones,
To scare me from the things of straw,
As though from all my poor heart owns.

No! may Time find me, when no more
The power is mine to sojourn here,
Eager to reach the brighter shore,
And fitted for its atmosphere!

## The Captain's Game.

BY C. C.

### CHAPTER I.

A HOT sun was pouring into a barrack-room in one of the principal garrison towns. It was like most barrack-rooms, hot and dusty, and bare.

The afternoon sun, streaming through the curtainless windows, fell full on a sleeping figure lying upon a bench in the far corner. It was a young officer. Although he was in a slovenly undress there was no mistaking the high bred cast of his face and head. It was a very handsome face. The auburn hair, tossed loosely back, left bare a lofty forehead, somewhat fairer in complexion than the rest of the face, which was much sunburnt. A well cultivated moustache covered the upper lip; but although hair and moustache were pale auburn, the long lashes lying on the cheeks were black.

It was very hot, but the young man's sleep was deep, so deep, that the trampling of horses' feet below did not rouse him. Neither did the loud tones of the soldiers below the window cause a movement of the closed eyelids.

In spite of the noise and heat, and the hardness of the bench, Captain John Digby, tired with his last night's revelry, slept like one of the Seven Sleepers.

Presently the sound of heavy footsteps was followed by the entrance of a soldier into the room. He did not see the officer on the bench, so he laid a thin stationery parcel on the table, and drew a wooden stool towards it.

He was a pleasant-faced young man, with red hair, and merry blue eye; with an unmistakable Irish mouth, and a set of white teeth. But the face was rather cloudy just now; the forehead was puckered into a mass of wrinkles.

Having opened the stationery pile with clumsy fingers, and extracted therefrom a limited supply of note paper, and dipped a stumpy pen into an earthern ware ink-pot, he forthwith placed the pen in his mouth, and proceeded to nibble it after the most approved fashion.

The blue eyes were fixed in a hopeless gaze on a distant corner of the white-washed wall, but inspiration failed to come.

Patrick put the pen in the earthenware pot, and leaning his chin on his hands, looked at the white desert before him, and sighed heavily.

"Faith," said he, "an' it 'll never do to lose faith intirely; so cheer up, Pat, me boy. Faint heart niver won fair lady. Remimber that, Patrick."

Whereupon the stumpy pen was again drawn forth with renewed enthusiasm.

The extra flourish caused a large drop of ink to fall on the surface of the paper before him, and private Patrick O'Brien laid down the stumpy pen and groaned. And this groan accomplished what all the loud noises had failed to do, it awoke the sleeper on the bench in the corner. The captain sat up and stared.

Now Patrick O'Brien was Captain Digby's "own" man, and a sort of attachment had grown up between the merry young officer and his Irish attendant. So, after collecting his senses a few moments, the captain spoke.

"What in the world is that row about, Patrick O'Brien?" he said, yawning and coming over to where the soldier sat. "What! writing a letter! That's rather out of your line, isn't it, Pat?"

"Sure it is, your honor. I've been botherin' me brain, but niver a word 'll come into it," said Pat, dismally.

"What sort of a letter do you want to write, Pat?" said the captain, sauntering slowly to the window. "Because, if it's a love letter, you'd better let me write it for you."

The words were spoken carelessly, but Patrick's face glowed radiantly.

"Faith! yer honor doesn't mane it, sure!"

"Is it a love letter?" said the captain, turning round quickly.

Patrick's blushes confirmed the suspicion.

"Here's a joke!" thought Captain Digby, joyfully; "I shall be very glad to do all in my power to assist you in your love matters, my boy," he said, graciously.

Whereupon he was informed in a rapid flow of Irish eloquance that Mr. O'Brien had left his heart with a certain Norah Lynch, who was maid to Miss Julia Guy, a young lady dwelling in a pretty Bayswater villa. This young lady had been staying at Brighton, which had been the station of Patrick's regiment.

Miss Norah Lynch had informed her lover that she was unable to read or write, but that her friend, who was cook in the family, being a most accomplished lady, would interpret any epistle Mr. O'Brien might send to his love. Then Patrick stopped breathless.

"And you would like me to write your young woman a very warm letter, I suppose, eh, Patrick?"

"Faith! if yer honor didn't mind the throuble—bein' a cliver jintleman and aisy with the pen."

So Captain Digby sat down at the table, and the hot August sun poured down upon them while the letter was written.

Mr. O'Brien's gratitude was lavish in the extreme, and every blessing was called down on Captain Digby's head.

The Captain related this little event to his brother officers that evening during mess, and those young gentlemen being rather hard up for a "spree" pronounced it capital, and he was enjoined to keep up the game.

### CHAPTER II.

THE letter that Captain Digby wrote went through the usual process of stamping and traveling in mail bags, till, on the evening of the second day, it was in the hands of the postman whose particular "round" included the Bayswater villa where lived Miss Julia Guy.

Now the Bayswater postman was not a common postman by any means. He was very tall, and very aristocratic looking. His blue uniform, piped with red, set off to advantage his stalwart form. He had a fair moustache and Dundreary whiskers; and he had a way of contracting his eyebrows which gave a most becoming expression of fierceness to his countenance. All the Bayswater maids had a soft place in their hearts for the handsome postman; but he went his way, regardless of the admiring glances cast after him from the area railings of the genteel residences about Bayswater. But if he had a leaning towards any one of these damsels, it was towards pretty Norah Lynch; therefore, when he delivered into her own hand a letter with her own name in bold manly characters on the back, he felt a pang of jealousy; so he contracted his brow, and looked fiercer than usual, and turned away without saying good morning, or exchanging any of the little pleasantries he was wont to with Norah Lynch.

Norah took her letter, and though she could not read, she had some sort of an instinct which enabled her to detect good writing from bad; she therefore concluded that this letter was directed in a gentleman's hand-writing; she concluded also that it must of course be for Miss Julia, who often had letters. Moreover she (Norah) had had a "tiff" with cook that morning; so, instead of applying to that important person for information, she quietly put the letter on a waiter, and took it up stairs to her young mistress.

The prettiest little room in the house had been fitted up for the only daughter. The curtains were white lace, and the chairs and ottomans were apple green damask; everything in the room was bright and pleasant-looking, and the brightest and pleasantest of all was the little mistress.

A slight figure in a grey morning dress with a rosebud in the belt, a curly golden head and a pair of soft blue eyes, this was Miss Julia Guy, and this was her room. She was in a profound reverie this morning. There was to be a grand ball at Brighton, and her relations in that town had pressed her to come, so she was very anxious about her dress; it was an officers' ball, too, and she was particularly anxious to go to a military ball, so of course her thoughts were very momentous, especially as it was to come off in three weeks' time; there was not a moment to lose.

Now most people on receiving a letter in an unknown hand, turn it over and read the postmarks and the address many times; they also examine the seal, and wonder where and from whom it comes. Miss Guy was no exception to this rule, but at the moment Norah entered she was just weighing the respective merits of white lace and amber against blue gauze and pearls, so took the letter in an abstracted manner and tore it open, throwing the cover on the floor without looking at it. But before she had read two lines all thoughts of a ball dress vanished, and were swallowed up in amusement and astonishment, for the letter, beginning "My dearest love," was a lengthy and affectionate epistle in very gentleman-like handwriting, signed, Patrick O'Brien.

"Who in the world is he?" mused the young lady. "I cannot remember the name, though he knows mine pretty well it seems, and me too. How remarkable! He writes just as if we were acquainted. I feel quite mystified."

And the more she thought, the more she was puzzled. Presently her eyes fell on the envelope which lay upon the floor, and she picked it up. The direction was in the same dashing handwriting, but it was not her name that figured most suspiciously on the back, for she read—"Norah Lynch, at Miss Guy's, Ellersley House, Bayswater."

"Then it's for Norah," she said, half amused, half piqued. "Who in the world has her pretty face captivated? I hope the writer means well; but it is very strange for a gentleman to write such a letter to a servant. It really looks very—I must say, it looks suspicious."

Now Miss Julia Guy on the whole was a nice girl; her faults were trifling, and her virtues numerous; but it was, to say the least, annoying that her maid should receive a letter which she herself would not have been averse to own. Therefore she did what most of her sex do in such cases,—she took refuge in unpleasant suspicions, and she concluded that her plain duty was to lecture Norah immediately; so she rang her little bell, and the pretty Irish girl answered it.

"Norah," she began, with becoming gravity, "did you know that the letter you brought me a few moments ago was for you?"

"No, miss, how should I?" replied Norah.

"How do you know generally?"

"Cook or Jane read the directions. I can't read, Miss Julia."

"I know. I forgot just then, Norah."

Miss Guy spoke in a very gentle voice now. She was angry with her thoughtlessness in making her maid repeat what she already knew. It was always painful to Norah to make this confession, and Julia was quite aware of that.

"I know you can't read, Norah, but the letter is for you; and, Norah, it is a love letter. Did you expect one?"

Norah reddened furiously, and Julia went on:—

"I did not mean to read what was not mine, but I thought it was for me. Here it is; and Norah—I hope the young man—is all he should be——" she concluded in a lame way. Miss Guy was not at all experienced in lecturing.

Norah Lynch's Irish blood was up directly.

"Sure Miss Julia, he is a pattern to his regiment——"

"Is he an officer?"

Norah considered.

"He is a soldier, miss—his name is Private Patrick O'Brien."

Norah had the name and title at her tongue's tip.

Julia went on feeding her birds industriously.

"Oh, then he is not an officer, Norah," she said; much relieved; "but the writing is ——"

"Sure, Miss Julia, I dare say it is bad; for Pat is but a sorry hand with his pen, as he told me."

"I think some one must have written that letter for him, Norah. But who is supposed to read your letters for you?" she asked.

This question touched the tender chord, and brought up all the wrongs she had suffered at the hands of cook; so Norah burst into tears, and sobbed out her tale of Pat's wooing and cook's agreement, to her kind mistress.

"So now cook won't help your love affairs, Norah?" said Julia, gently. "Is that the trouble? Don't cry, Norah; I will write your sweetheart a letter for you."

And so it came about that Captain Digby's letter was answered in that pretty little room by a young lady with a sweet face and white dimpled hands.

Now that Norah's tears were dried by means of a letter, and a few yards of satin ribbon from Miss Guy's drawer, that generous young lady sat down to finish her meditations.

### CHAPTER III.

PATRICK O'BRIEN'S heart was glad when the letter-bag, among its other missives, contained one for him.

Now Captain Digby had a strong taste for "larking," which taste is assiduously cultivated by young men who have little work to do. Captain Digby had had numerous flirtations, and at the age of twenty-seven he had come to the conclusion that all girls were a bore, and good for nothing but to make a show, and talk nonsence.

He had become interested in his attendant's little love-affair, because it was real and genuine, and Captain Digby believed that real love was rare. Never having been in love himself, he wondered greatly that any one else could be; so during those times when Patrick was occupied about him, he had encouraged the Irish soldier to talk of his love, and all the facts of her name and residence, with that of her mistress was imparted to him by the loquacious Pat. And so letters passed very quickly between Captain Digby and Miss Julia Guy, *pro* Patrick O'Brien and Norah Lynch.

It was perhaps natural that the captain should feel a little interest and curiosity concerning his fair correspondent. It was certainly a very strange thing to be in daily receipt of love letters from a person he had never seen.

"I wonder what she is like," he thought one day, after he had been perusing one of the prettily written letters to the happy Patrick, and dismissed him; "she writes very nice letters. I should like to see her."

Captain Digby possessed a fertile imagination, so he began to hunt up a few plans to obtain his desire.

"I will go up to London for a few days," said he. "I am sick of lounging about in this confounded hole. I'll go at once; anyhow it will be something fresh to occupy a fellow's mind."

So having decided to be off the very next day, he felt easier, and he appeared at mess that evening with quite an appetite.

Miss Guy was in the dining-room, in company with her mother. The young lady was engaged in a pleasant occupation, she was fitting on wreaths for the forthcoming ball.

Nothing could be prettier than the little figure in the dainty morning dress, with the sunlight on her golden hair. Perhaps she thought so herself, for she lingered a long time before the pier-glass, with her head a little on one side, viewing her fair face, with its flowery crown. A wreath of convolvuli nearly triumphed.

"It's lovely, mamma," she said, coming to the window seat with a radiant face.

"So it is, my dear," said the lady placidly, looking up from her book. "Is that your choice?"

"I hardly know," replied Julia; "it suits me best; but I am doubtful about my dress."

Julia turned her eyes thoughtfully towards the window, and met the intent gaze of a gentleman who was riding slowly past.

"Mamma," she said, laughing, and moving back slowly, "that gentleman is quite astonished. What can he think to see any one dressed in flowers in the middle of the day?"

"My dear, you should not go near the window, attracting attention in that manner," said the elder lady, reprovingly.

"Now," thought Captain John Digby, "I have discovered my correspondent—Ellersley House,—I am much mistaken if I don't push my investigations further; she is too pretty to be overlooked."

And he set off at a canter for the fashionable London hotel he favored with his patronage.

### CHAPTER IV.

WHAT with waterproof cloaks, umbrellas, portmanteaus, and numerous boxes, it really becomes quite an undertaking to convey a young lady and her appendages safely from London to Brighton.

Miss Guy and her maid Norah Lynch arrived safely, with the loss of one box only, at the terminus of London-super-Mare, and thence down to Montpellier Terrace.

Now Captain Digby had passed his last Winter at Brighton with his regiment, and during his sojourn there had made many friends among the aristocratic inhabitants. It was therefore a natural consequence that he should receive an invitation to the Lancers' ball from one of the lady patronesses, and as she made his attendance a personal favor he could not refuse; so he left Bayswater a little bad-tempered at being interrupted in his pleasant occupation, which consisted in riding past Ellersley House two or three times a day, upon the chance of seeing the golden head above the wire blind.

Captain Digby considered it a great effort to get himself up for a ball. He yawned many times during the operation, and split three pairs of white gloves through his impatience.

He was to dine with his lady friend, who had promised to introduce him to the major of the troop now at Brighton, but he could find no interest in either the coming ball or the major's acquaintance, and the dinner bored him.

Whether it was the strangeness of the affair, or the young lady's beauty, or his want of better occupation, or the three combined, it was a fact beyond dispute that the gallant captain had fallen over head and ears in love with the writer of Norah's letters, and his mind was in a state of bitter sweetness which rendered him very bad company.

The major, who was very apoplectic, ate much and conversed little; so, between the two, their lady hostess had hard work to keep up a little conversation during the dinner.

It was over at last, that long dinner and the long sitting over wine with no company save the major, while the hostess attired herself for the ball.

She was a patroness, a person of great importance; so she had dressed herself in weighty ruby velvet, which, together with the corpulent major, completely filled the carriage, and all but suffocated our hero, who was devoutly thankful when it drew up at the Pavilion.

The usual array of swords crossed above the doorways, military paraphernalia and flags, met the guests' eyes on entering.

It was a military ball; and though the devices were professedly original, they were very much after the usual style of devices on similar occasions.

It was perhaps half past ten when, walking up the central lobby, Captain Digby encountered Miss Julia Guy face to face.

His heart bounded, and, turning to gaze after her party, he discovered a glove of one of them had dropped.

"Joyful coincidence!" he uttered, hastening to pick it up.

There were two elderly ladies and a gentleman with Miss Guy, and they were entering the crowded ball room when our captain joined them. He spoke eagerly to one of the ladies, and the rest of the little party stopped while she thanks him. There was only time to steal one glance at the young lady, and he was rewarded by a full gaze of her blue eyes.

"I have seen that gentleman before somewhere" thought the young lady, as they turned away. "I know now."

And looking vacantly at the gay crowd before her, Julia's fair cheek grew red at the recollection of a certain rider who had so often lately passed her parlor window at Bayswater, at a stately pace, on a black charger.

There were many good partners, and Julia was a lover of the dance; so she sat down after the "Mabel" rather exhausted and dizzy. She was still a little confused when she heard some one addressing her, and looking up beheld her uncle with the Bayswater rider standing before her.

"Captain John Digby—my niece, Miss Julia Guy," said the old gentleman; "Julia, my dear, I have brought you a partner."

The captain offered his arm, bowing and smiling as Julia took it.

"Perhaps you are rather tired," said he, "and would prefer not dancing."

"I am tired, but I shall recover in a few moments if you will allow me to rest," she said, laughing.

They left the hot rooms and strolled up and down the long corridors while a polka was danced. Then followed a quadrille, in which these two young people condescended to appear.

But dancing is not favorable for conversation, so after this quadrille the lobby was found so cool that Captain Digby and his companion sought it.

"Julia, my dear" said a voice beside her, just as Miss Guy was traversing the corridor for the one-and-twentieth time with Captain Digby,—"Julia, my dear, you have missed a charming valse, and I thought you were so fond of it—you do not dance."

Julia turned round.

"I did not hear it, aunt; I suppose the sound did not reach us here."

"Naughty girl!" said her aunt; "Captain, I really am angry with you for possessing such attractive powers. But do pray come to supper, both of you. The show is superb!"

There was no more *tete-a-tetes* that night for our heroine. One little comfort solaced her, when, at parting for the night, she heard the captain accept an invitation to luncheon for the following day; and Julia had blissful dreams of her first ball that night.

The luncheon was followed by dinner invitations, and still Miss Guy lingered at Brighton, nor pined for Bayswater, till a peremptory note from her mother recalled her.

It was the last day of her stay, and Julia was sitting in her aunt's drawing room after dinner. That lady had fallen sleep over her novel, and a few tears fell on Miss Guy's tatting as she thought of her pleasant, very pleasant visit.

"Tears!" said a merry voice outside the low window, and Julia saw through a network of geraniums Captain Digby standing on the lawn, with one hand on the window-ledge.

"What can the matter be? Is Johnny too long at the fair?" said the provoking captain.

"No," said Julia, laughing and blushing through her tears; "or if he is, I am going after him, for I m going home."

"Oh, is that what you are crying for?" laughed the captain.

Julia colored.

"No—that is—not exactly—I don't know ——"

"So I perceive." There was a quiet amusement in the captain's tone that was exceedingly provoking. "May I come in, Miss Guy?"

"I don't care," said Julia, wrathfully, going on with her tatting.

"But I do," said he; "and if you would be so obliging as to put that little ottoman outside the window, I can come in without ringing up the servants. Will you?"

"No, you can go in the proper way —or, I don't care if I do—there; mind the flowers, Captain Digby."

Thus aided, the captain got through the window with the small damage of two geraniums broken off, and whitening one sleeve.

"Thank you Now, seriously, Miss Guy —Julia—I want to speak to you. I suppose you know what it is about? You must know. Ever since—no, don't go away. Julia, I love you."

The tatting got in a tangle.

"You know I have all those sweet letters you wrote, and you had mine, didn't you? Julia, knowing me as you do now, would you let me claim all you said in those letters? Answer me."

He had her hands now, and the tatting fell to the floor. So she said very softly, "Yes."

"My sweet queen!" said he, kissing the hands rapturously, "and now one more question: What were you crying for just now, Julia?"

Julia was silent.

"Wasn't it because you were going away from me?" he said softly, holding the restive hands prisoners. "Say it was because you thought you should never see me again?"

With all his virtues, the captain was decidedly conceited.

"Was it, Julia?"

"Yes," said Julia, more softly still.

"That's right, mavourneen!" said he, with another kiss.

Perhaps Julia had forgotten her aunt, who was asleep on the sofa: but just as this juncture she was prevented from replying by that lady's indignant voice.

"Julia, I am ashamed of you! What will your mother say? Upon my word, miss, this is very fine."

"Don't be angry, pray my dear madam. I will arrange matters with this young lady's mother" said the captain. "For the present she has promised to be my wife, but I must sincerely beg your pardon for carrying on my wooing under your eyes. Will you grant it?"

All this, in a suave voice, made the old lady laugh heartily, and granting free pardon, she invited Captain Digby to dinner.

## CHAPTER V.

A week later Julia sat in her little room at home, with Norah brushing her golden locks.

Miss Julia having terminated her affairs so satisfactorily, thought it her duty to see after Norah's, so she asked about Mr. O'Brien.

"Well, Miss Julia," said Norah, hesitating, "I have engaged myself to a young man who is a very steady and well-to-do person——"

Julia was aghast.

"You don't mean, Norah," she said, turning round, "that you have deceived that good-hearted young Irishman."

"Well, miss, I have not exactly deceived him, but a soldier's life is so very unsettled and wild-like and this young man is really very anxious and fond of me; so I wanted to ask you, Miss Julia, to be so kind as to write to Mr O'Brien for me, and just tell him, kind like, that I have changed my mind—if you would, Miss Julia."

"Norah," said Julia, solemnly, "you wicked girl, I'm astonished. And who have you got now, pray."

"It's the young man who brings the letters, Miss Julia. He is the postman, and is getting a very steady living. Perhaps you have noticed him, miss—a very handsome man," concluded Norah, softly.

"No," said Julia, resignedly, "I don't think I have; but I m sorry you don't like soldiers, Norah. I think they are very brave and nice."

* * * * *

It was Captain Digby's painful duty to inform Patrick O Brien of Norah's decision, for Miss Guy had shifted the unpleasant task on his shoulders. He was very sorry—and sympathy goes a good way—to see Pat's honest eyes full of tears. He tried to soften the Irishman's sorrow, in many ways, but finding all fail, he clapped him on the shoulder, remarking that there were as "good fish in the sea as ever came out of it;" then he went to get ready for mess.

"I' faith," said Pat, looking wistfully after him, "his honor would niver have tould me that if his own Shylie Bawn had played him false."

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The correspondent of the London Times, in speaking of the surrender of the Zulu King Cetywayo's youngest brother to the English, says: "In appearance Mugwende is a low, cunning looking savage, with a forbidding look about his eyes. He has a tendency to elephantiasis, caused by his weakness for native beer, which, it is said, he indulges in to excess. His wives are conspicuous rather by the scanty nature of their costume—viz., a string of fine beads round the loins—than by beauty of person. Their hair is shaved close, except a round patch on the crown of the head, where the hair is gathered into a cone and plastered with red clay."

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An enterprising young man was employed by a San Francisco firm to advertise their condensed chowder. He hired an upper box in Baldwin's Theatre, and placed across the front a big transparency, inscribed, "Try Condensed Chowder." The ushers ordered him to take it down, but he locked the door of the box, and proceeded coolly to light the candles in the transparency. The manager ordered up his forces for an ejectment, but first sent for the young man's employer, who had the advertisement removed just before the commencement of the performance.

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John Bright, the English orator, devotes the later years of his life to studying history.

# The Two Games.

### A Legend of Venice.

BY H. A.

IT was night in Venice. Twelve had just rung from the cathedral. But the noise and bustle of the day had not entirely subsided. Music and merry laughter were heard from a magnificent palace in one of the principal streets.

The Marchioness di Lucca had selected that evening for a splendid entertainment, at which nearly all the Venetian nobility were present. Among them was the young Duke Alberto, who was descended from a family second to none in rank and social position. With many excellent qualities, he had one defect which marred them all. He was strongly addicted to gaming.

There was a small table at one end of the apartment on which was a chess-board. The marchioness and Alberto were engaged in a game which seemed to rivet their whole attention. On the issue were staked ten thousand ducats. Besides his house and furniture, it was all which capricious fortune had left to Alberto.

At length the game drew to a close, and the marchioness was the winner. The young man's face flushed, and his hands trembled with nervous excitement.

"One more game," said he. "I will stake my palace and all that it contains."

"Be it so," was the reply, and the game commenced. But it brought to the young duke no better fortune than before. He rose from the table a ruined man.

Unable to conceal his agitation he withdrew as soon as the laws of etiquette would permit, and retired to his palace. Alas! it was no longer his. With uncontrollable agitation he paced up and down the luxurious apartment, and a bitter sense of regret came over his mind. The consequence of his folly were now presented to him in true colors.

With a frantic gesture he seized a pistol and was about to terminate his existence, when his hand was seized, and he saw standing beside him a stranger clothed in black.

"Hold!" was the stranger's exclamation. "Would you die by your own hands?"

"But what am I to do?" inquired the Duke Alberto.

"I will tell you. I will engage to furnish you money with which you can to morrow return to the marchioness and win back your fortune. I ensure you success. Do you understand me? I claim no merit for this act. It is not disinterested. I want your soul."

"My soul!" The young man started back trembling. "Then you are the——"

"Yes! At least I am usually called so, though some prefer to call me Satan; and others still, who have a taste for longer names, style me Beelzebub. It makes little difference to me. But what do you say to my proposal?"

It was an awful struggle, but a length the young man accepted.

The terms were, that at intervals of ten years, he should play two games of chess with Satan, and if he won either he should lose all claim to his soul.

The terms were so much better than he anticipated, and so strong was his convictions of winning at least once that he promptly acceded to them, and signed a contract.

"You will find in this bag," continued the visitor, as he drew one from beneath his cloak, "one hundred thousand ducats. Take it, stake it without fear, you will be successful."

The next moment there was a dull, heavy sound as of a half-suppressed clap of thunder, a dark mist filled the room, and when it cleared away Alberto was alone.

"Have I been dreaming?" he muttered, as he rubbed his eyes. "No, no; here is the gold. It is no dream, but a reality."

Alberto followed implicity the directions of his supernatural visitant, and the result was as predicted. Twenty-four hours from the time when with disordered steps he was pacing the halls of his ancestors a beggar, they were all restored to him. His fortune is re established, and he finds himself the wealthiest noble in Venice. A short time after he became connected in marriage with a beautiful maiden of a noble family, and now the cup of his happiness seemed full but for one dread apprehension.

Ten years have passed in tranquil enjoyment, heightened by the love and affectionate attachment of a wife and three charming children. So much did these objects occupy his attention that the end of the first period came upon him unawares.

The apprehensions of Alberto were excited, and he gathered about him the best chess players in Venice. Whenever a stranger entered the city he would seek to ascertain whether he played chess, and if so would court his acquaintance, and if possible would engage him in a contest. The result may be readily imagined. He acquired such a degree of skill that no one in his native city could cope successfully with him. It was therefore with a degree of confidence such as he had not before entertained that he waited the coming of his visitor.

Punctual to the hour Satan arrived.

"I have come," said he, deliberately, "for the first time. Are you prepared?"

"I am ready," Alberto replied, and the game commenced.

Each played cautiously, for they felt that the stake was no common one. Finally the game turned, and the scales which had been long quivering in the balance inclined to the side of the visitor.

"The game is mine," said Satan, as he bent a triumphant glance upon his discomfited opponent; and, gathering his cloak about him, swept into the ball with these ominous words: "Remember the next time: it is the last."

Alberto wore an air of settled melancholy for a few days after this visit, for which the reiterated entreaties of his wife could not persuade him to account. At length he informed her that it was his purpose to travel, and forthwith made preparations. He visited in turn the different cities of Europe, and announced in each that he was a professed chess player, offering at the same time a prize of one thousand ducats to any one who would cope successfully with him. Whenever he met such a person he prevailed on him by extravagant offers to become his teacher in the art, and did not rest satisfied till he overcame him. Then, burning with the same feverish anxiety, he would hurry to some other city and repeat the process. In this way his name and skill became widely known, till in process of time he was accounted without an equal in his department.

At length the eventful hour of the second period arrived. Alberto sat alone in his apartment. He was pale but composed. He was about to try an experiment in which he had strong confidence. Before him was a massive Bible with golden clasps, and upon this rested the chess board.

"A stranger waits" was the servant's announcement.

"Bid him enter."

The same black muffled figure that once before had made its appearance, now entered. A malignant smile lighted up his sombre features.

"I am here once more," said he, expressively; "and for the last time!"

"But what is this?" he exclaimed, changing color, as the Bible met his eyes. "Remove this volume."

"I cannot," was the firm rejoinder. "It is my soul's dependence now."

"But I will not play on such a condition," persisted Satan, growing more and more uneasy.

"As you like; in that case the compact will be broken, and I shall be free."

This could not be gainsaid, and with a nervous, excited manner, quite different from his usual self possession, the visitor sat down to the game.

The first move had been made, when Alberto raising a little silver bell that stood on the table beside him rang it.

At this signal the soft sound of music from an organ in a neighboring apartment floated into the room. It was one of the subs. religious compositions of an ancient composer, and its effect was inconceivably grand. Now it swelled into the triumphant paean of religious triumph—anon it subsided into a gentle strain which was scarcely audible.

At the first sound Satan started as if struck by a galvanic shock. His self-possession deserted him, and he lost his usual skill, playing almost at random, while moving uneasily about in his seat.

"I—I am not fond of music," he muttered; "will you not order it to cease?"

Alberto looked at him significantly.

"It suits my purpose to have it continue," said he.

Satan played with increasing recklessness, till at last it could not be concealed that for him the game was irretrievably lost.

With a howl of disappointed malice he stamped his foot upon the floor—a mist enveloped him, and when it subsided he had disappeared.

Henceforth Alberto and his fair wife and beautiful children lived happily in their magnificent residence. Yet they could not suppress a thrill of terror when at times they reflected what might have been the termination of the Two Games at Chess.

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Calvin Hall, a very eccentric character, was buried at Somers, Conn., recently. Twenty years ago he made his will, giving certain amounts to his nearest relatives. He then went around and bought from each person the share in the will at twenty per cent discount. Some persons of whom he bought were both poor and aged, and were made comfortable and happy in their old days. He leaves a fund of $5 000 for the town of Somers, the income of which is to go to the worthy poor who have not yet become paupers, provided the town will assume the care of a like fund of $5 000 and give the income to the Spiritualists. If the town refuses to accept the trust the whole goes to the Spiritualists, for whom he has built a church. In the middle of his life he was a Universalist.

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Mr. Henry Bessemer, of steel fame, has been knighted at last in recognition of his service to the world.

### THE SPIDER.

BY S. A. M MOSS.

A spider wove a web one day.
She wished to catch a fly;
Close curled up in a corner
She saw them flying by.

But not one seemed to see the web,
Perhaps they were too shy.
It was a honey-bee was caught
As swiftly he flew by.

The spider hastened forth and said:
"Dear sir it grieves me quite
To find you tangled in this web,
In such a woful plight.

Pray let me help you to escape—
There now you are quite free.
We spiders dine on idle flies,
But never eat a bee."

## An Emperor at Home.

BY L. G.

THE palace of the Emperor William of Germany, is situated at the furthest end of the fashionable Unter den Linden, just opposite the famous equestrian statue of Frederick the Great. It is a corner building, outwardly very simple, with a portico in front, under which two sentinels are constantly on duty. His Majesty's private apartments, almost exclusively inhabited by him, are on the ground floor, to the left hand of the entrance. The first is the so called Adjutant's Room, where those summoned for an audience have to await the time appointed. It has a wainscoting of oak, terminating with a shelf, on which small wooden figures are placed, representing the various military costumes, not only of the Prussian, but also of foreign armies. Three large pictures of battles embellish the room. A statue of Frederick the Great stands on the centre table, surrounded with a number of easy chairs. From this room enters a salon where audiences are held. Sofas and chairs are of white satin upholstery, which, combined with the light color of the walls, decorated with some fine landscape paintings, produce a very pleasing impression.

Around a marble bust of Prince Bismarck standing on a marble column, the flags of all the regiments garrisoned in Berlin, and confided to the Emperor as the highest in rank in the capital are arranged in a semi circle. Near the bust of the Chancellor is a miniature imitation of the by means handsome column of victory in Berlin, faithfully copied even to the smallest details. From here folding doors open into a handsome drawing room, where Cabinet councils, presided over by the Emperor, are usually held.

Nearly all the articles—lamps, candelabra and the knick knacks around—are of blue material, in consideration of the Emperor's favorite color, and mostly ornamented with representations of corn flowers, of which Kaiser Wilhelm is just as passionately fond as Napoleon the Great was of the more fragrant violet.

The Emperor's study is, perhaps, the most interesting apartment in the whole palace. Its proportions are not extensive, so that the numerous objects profusely scattered about must often be cumbersome to the occupant. At the corner window, where the sovereign's figure is so often to be seen and through the panes of which the rays of the lamp are reflected on the passers by long after midnight, a sign of the Monarch's indefatigable zeal in performance of his arduous functions, a massive writing table of carved mahogany, darkened by years, is stationed. Bronze statues of Frederick the Great and Frederick William III., his predecessor on the Prussian throne, look from their height down upon their celebrated successor, who has triumphantly realized their dreams of Prussia's greatness.

On the walls near the bureau portraits of those dearest to His Majesty may be seen. The Emperor seems particularly fond of Prince Arthur, his godchild, of whom he possesses a number of pictures and photographs. On the shelf of the wainscoting some exquisite pieces of art, chiefly marble statuettes are displayed. A great many articles in His Majesty's study are remembrances of his mother, the Queen Louisa, to whose memory he clings with the greatest affection. Beside two crayon sketches and a marble bust, the mask of his mother, taken on her deathbed, recalls to him the features of his adored parent.

On a small table in the apartment lunch is generally served, of which the Emperor partakes while walking up and down. A small iron winding staircase connects the library with Her Majesty's apartments, situated just above those of her husband.

An audience of the Emperor, in his cabinet on the ground floor of the palace at Berlin, resembles no other royal audience. The Emperor is clad in his long military frock-coat, with its two rows of buttons. He is marvellously neat, very straight and rather stiff. His body is well made. His limbs are powerful. His extremities indicate an old and good race. His face, more grave than severe, with its beard cut in German fashion, is well-known. The smile which lays on his face at times is very young. When this tall old man speaks to the women who, during the summer months, form his Court at Ems, he seems to date back to the seventeenth century. The Emperor has the beautiful blue eyes of Frederick the Great. But however large his eyes, they have not the extraordinary dimensions of the eyes of Frederick. The scant hairs, formerly light brown to day ashen, are parted low on the left, crossing but not covering the crown of his head. William seems to personify absolutely the type of an Emperor of the olden time—large, strong, handsome—a soldier. The faces of Alexander and of Francis Joseph are those of modern Emperors. The gaze of William has a strange slowness. It is the look of a man who has the consciousness of majesty. He believes, it is well-known, in his divine right. His tufted eyebrows form a fine arch. His eyes have not the vague mystery of those of Alexander, nor the melancholy of those of Francis Joseph, nor the trouble of those of Queen Victoria.

His voice has a strong tone of command. The accent is slightly Berlinese. The Emperor thickens a little, and dwells somewhat on the vowels. He speaks slowly and very correctly, as a man who has the habit of always being listened to without having his interlocutor finish his sentence. He chooses rather than seeks his words. He would be able to deliver from the tribune an eloquent discourse.

The Emperor has the real memory of a sovereign. He remembers every name and every face. He knows most of the officers of his army. At times, when witnessing a review, one will hear him say to a modest officer: "You resemble your grandfather; a little lighter, perhaps. He was a brave soldier." He remembers a conversation he has held years before. Adored by those who surround him, he is very thoughtful of them. But never did a sovereign do so easily without the presence of an officer whom death or advancement has taken from his suite. He thinks only of those whom he sees and of whom he has need. It is an egotism of the sovereign which does not affect the heart of the man. Look at him close by. Every face of old age is a revelation. The Emperor William is good. No one knows better than he the profession of sovereignty. For it is a profession, although there are no professors. Very simple and of plain appearance, he insists strictly on etiquette. He carries high his head as though he always wore the crown. Never has any one been familiar with him—not even his son. During an audience, after holding his hands in front of him for some time, he crosses them behind his back. A French diplomat says that the Emperor will remain standing this way for hours. On one occasion the Emperor said to him, suddenly, "Will you not sit down?" The diplomat made no movement, the only chair being covered with geographical maps. All of the men about the palace have acquired this habit of their sovereign. They have the faculty of always standing—like horses.

### THE UMBRELLA BIRD.

THE umbrella bird is a truly remarkable creature, and from the extraordinary mode in which its plumage is arranged, never fails of attracting the attention of the most casual spectator. The bird is a native of the islands of the South American rivers—being seldom if ever seen on the main land—from whence it is not unfrequently brought by collectors, as there is always a ready sale for its skin, either to serve as an ornament in glass cases, or as a specimen for a museum. In dimensions the umbrella bird equals the common crow, and but for the curious plume which adorns its head, and the tuft which hangs from its breast, might be mistaken at a distance for that bird. The general color of this species is rich shining black, glazed with varying tints of blue and purple like the feathers of the magpie's tail. Very little is known of the habits of the bird. Its crest is, perhaps, the most fully developed and beautiful of any bird known. It is composed of long, slender feathers, rising from a contractile skin on top of the head. The shafts are white, and the plume glossy blue, hair like, and curved outward at the tip. When the crest is laid back, the shafts form a compact white mass, sloping up from the top of the head, and surmounted by the dense hairy plumes. Even in this position it is not an inelegant crest, but it is when it is fully spread that its peculiar character is developed. The shafts then radiate on all sides from the top of the head, reaching in front beyond and below to the tip of the beak, which is hidden from view. The top then forms a perfect, slightly elongated dome, of a beautiful shining blue color, having a point of divergence rather behind the centre, like that in a human head. The length of this dome from front to back is five inches, the breadth four to four and a half inches. The food of the umbrella bird consists chiefly of berries and various fruits, and it always rejects the hard stone of stone fruit. As its cry is exceedingly loud and deep, the natives call the bird by a name which signifies a pipe.

Mississippi has 500,000 dogs.

## A Common Sailor.

BY PERCY VERE.

"NO," said I, "you shan't have him.

"Oh, pa!" said she, "but I love him so—I love him so dearly."

"I don't care," said I. "A common sailor like him!" and then she bellowed and piped her eye as might have been expected of a girl.

My girl was a beauty, and she was the only one I had—the only one I ever had had—and I owned a boat, and I was known everywhere as Captain Parker, of "The Saucy Jane," and all I had Jennie would have some day; and was it likely I'd give her to Jack Blaze as was before the mast? No!

Well, I set my foot down, and I supposed the girl would obey. But, lo and behold! what should I see one day when I came home from the river but a couple of people swinging on my gate.

It was that Jack Blaze and Jennie, and his arm was around her waist!

I bolted in between 'em like a shell, and I ordered Jennie to her room, and I ordered Jack away, and told him what would happen to him if I saw him swinging on my gate again.

"If you weren't her father, sir," said Jack, "I'd not bear such words from you, but as it is, and as you're an old man—"

With that I fired a flower-pot at him, and called him a confounded mutineer, and he sheered off.

"Jennie," says I, "I've done well by you—your old father has done well by you, and what have you done by him? I've taught you to play the planner, or had you taught, which is the same thing, and you've got one. You dress in silks, and I keep a servant for you, and I've got you down in my will for all I shall leave, and how do you use me? While I'm away following the water, you mutiny. Now, I'm sorry to punish you. I daren't leave you alone, and I'll lock up the house and take you along with me on my trips. The cabin is comfortable, and you'll not suffer, and if you don't like it you shall lump it. Keeping company with a fellow like that! Ugh!"

"Don't be cross, papa," said Jennie. "I'll like to go, I'm sure. As for Jack, he's the best fellow I know, and I'll keep company with no one else; but, if you don't like it yet we'll wait."

"Wait!" says I, "Wait! Why, if I wanted you to marry, Jennie, there's the captain of a steamer told me last week I'd the prettiest daughter of any man he knew, and that he was tired of single life. The captain of a steamer, Jennie; think of that!"

"I don't believe he's as nice as Jack," said Jennie; "and I love Jack."

Then I shook her. I'm sorry to say I shook her, and the next day I had her trunk sent down to the boat, and took her under my arm to the same place.

The cabin was good enough for a queen, and the little state-room a picture, and she seemed to like it.

You'd have thought I was giving her a treat, instead of punishing her.

She used to sit out on deck all the fine days, with knitting or sewing, or a book, and she sang to me evenings.

But she didn't give up; not even when she saw that captain—six feet three; handsome as a picture!

No, she stuck to Jack, and I stuck out against him as stiff as she, and so we sailed up and down the river, and summer went and autumn came, and winter was a coming, but my girl was obstinate as ever.

It was my last trip.

All winter, after the river was frozen, "The Saucy Jane" lay at the dock.

"If you were a good, obedient girl," said I, "I shouldn't have to lock you up, but as it is I must."

So I kissed her—I was glad to remember afterwards that I kissed her—and I victualled the cabin, and locked the door and put the key in my pocket, and off I went.

I had to go a distance out of town, and there when I settled my business, I dined, and it was evening before I got back to "The Saucy Jane," or, rather, to Poplartown, where she lay.

I thought to myself, as I came down, that I had never seen the place so busy, but as I neared the dock I saw that something had happened.

There was a crowd there, and people were talking and shaking their heads, and somehow I couldn't see the smoke stack of "The Saucy Jane" peer through the shadows as I might, nor the red and green lights at her head nor any sign of her, and a great fear crept into my heart, and I began to shake and shiver.

"It's only the fog," says I, but there was no fog.

"It's dark," says I, but the darker it was the brighter the lights would have shone out.

Then, all trembling and shaking like an old man—like my old grandfather, who had the palsy used to do, I remember thinking—I caught hold of a man who was passing, and said I

"Look here, man, what's the matter? What's the crowd about? What has happened?"

"It's the little steamboat down there," said the man. "'The Saucy Jane.' She's been run into and sunk by a coal boat. She went down in thirty minutes. The captain was away, they say, and the men went on a spree. Only the cabin-boy was there; they picked him up. You can just see her smoke stack above the water. The coal boat was hurt a bit, too. She's lying out there."

"Oh my God!" said I. "My daughter!"

Then I didn't know what happened, but I found myself in the doctor's shop pretty soon, and a crowd about me, and heard some one saying, softly:

"His daughter was aboard. She went down with the boat——"

"I locked her in!" said I. "Wretched old brute that I am! I locked her in that cabin; I murdered her—I, her father!"

Then I went off again and it was a horrible dream, until I awoke to find that it was night, and I was alone in bed, and a man sitting beside me.

"Who is this?" said I, in a kind of fright, as I thought I recognized the face.

"It's Jack Blaze, captain," said the man. "Do you find yourself better?"

"Do you think I want to be better?" said I. "All I want is to die and go to Jennie. I murdered her, Jack!"

"No, no, captain," said Jack, softly. "You locked her up from her true love as loved her, but you didn't know what was coming."

"Oh, if I could die this minute!" said I. "Jack, if you've got a pistol put it to my head! My little girl!"

"Well, she's safe from marrying me, captain," said Jack. "I suppose that's a comfort to you."

"Oh Jack!" said I. "Oh Jack Blaze, if my Jennie could come to life again there's nothing I'd deny her! She might marry a chimney-sweep, and I'd give her my blessing, let alone a good sailor like you, as I know nothing against, but that he's what I was thirty years ago. Oh Jack, if Jennie could come back to life I'd give her to you and be happy; but it's no use, she's drowned."

"Captain," said Jack Blaze, bending over me, "I don't feel so sure of that."

"Eh!" said I.

"To be sure," said he, "if she was in the cabin, locked up as you left her, she'd have drowned certain sure, but she mayn't have been."

"Eh!" I shrieked again.

"Indeed," replied Jack, "I know she warn't."

"Oh Lord, help me! Don't torture me!" said I. "Speak out!"

"She warn't, captain," said Jack, "for fifteen minutes after you left I went aboard, burst open the door—there was no one there but the cabin boy—and took her out. We went to the circus together, and we had a lovely day. 'The Saucy Jane's' cabin was stove in, the coal boat walked straight into the cabin, captain and it's God's mercy I had took her out!"

Then I heard a dear, sweet voice crying out:

"Jack, open the door; let me come to papa."

I hadn't cried before since I was flogged at school, but I cried like a baby then; and how could I help it? For Jennie had come out of the grave, as it seemed to me, and was holding my head in her arms, and kissing me and calling me her darling.

I was so happy I thought I should die, and I never remembered that I had lost "The Saucy Jane" until the next morning, though the boat was the very apple of my eye.

I own another now, and Jack and I take her up and down the river.

Jennie goes with us very often, for she was married to Jack Blaze last Christmas, and I like the lad—yes, I like him almost as well as Jennie does, I think, for if I'd been left to myself, and he hadn't set himself against me that dreadful day, I should have no daughter now, and I should be her murderer.

DRINK OF SEA BIRDS.—The question is often asked, where do sea birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst, but we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper, with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far away from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, chattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles or even further off, and scud for it with inconceivable fleetness.

Newspapers had their origin in news letters. These letters were written by some in London and contained the political and social news of the metropolis. Their object was to place the resident of a country district in the same position as the frequenter of Whitehall, the Houses of Parliament, the Mall and the London coffee houses. They treated of the omnibus rebus which together make up the gossip and the chit-chat of the hour. Step by step these newsletters became the newspapers of modern times.

# Our Young Folks.

## DAWN AND TWILIGHT.

BY AUNT NELL.

"MAY we have a story; it is the story-hour."

I look up from the book I am trying to read by the uncertain light of the fire and encounter a pair of pleading eyes fixed on mine. These eyes belong to my little niece Rosie; she comes to my side and takes my hand coaxingly.

"Do come," she urges; "the boys are waiting in the schoolroom. They want you to come so much; besides, it's our proper story hour."

By "story hour" Rosie means the part of day I generally devote to my niece and her brothers, that cosy time when it is too dark to read and not dark enough to have the lamps lighted.

"Well I suppose I had better come at once, or the boys will get impatient," I say, rising meekly, and preparing to obey Rosie's request. We go into the schoolroom and find the three boys seated Turk fashion on the hearth rug.

"Ah! that's jolly; come and tell us a story," remarks my eldest nephew, Charlie.

I sit down in an easy chair near the fire; Rosie sits at my feet resting her head against my knee, and Charlie, Reggie, and Willie settle themselves comfortably on the hearth rug, whilst all assume an expectant expression.

"Now, what shall I tell you?" I say. "I can find plenty of stories for Rosie, but you boys are not so easy to satisfy."

"Tell us something about fairies or giants," said little Reggie.

"Very well," I answer. "I told stories to suit you other boys last evening, now I shall tell something to please Reggie. I will tell you a fairy story my father told me when I was a little girl."

"Years and years ago, when fairies lived in that beautiful region called Fairyland this land of ours was ruled over by a grim, black king, called Night, so great was this king that his shadow fell heavily on all the world and enveloped everything in gloom.

Now the fairies thought that it was a great pity that King Night should throw his shadow on the many beautiful things of the world, so they called a parliament was held under a large fern, and the fairies sat on a carpet of soft green moss. After a long consultation, it was decided that they should go to war against King Night; so heralds went forth throughout Fairyland calling the armies to battle. Then war was declared, and the fairy army marched away from their beautiful land to the territories of the grim Night King. After a furious battle the fairies were victorious, the king was severely wounded and dethroned, and Gray Dawn son of the stars, was appointed to reign in his stead. So King Dawn began to reign over the earth; but the fairies were not yet content, for King Dawn spread a sort of misty shadow over all. The world looked very sorrowful and sad, the flowers and trees could only be seen through a sort of grey mist. Accordingly, the fairies held another parliament and then sent messages to King Dawn, bidding him resign as the world was not happy under his reign. Dawn who was a very mild, peace loving king, agreed rather than go to war, and now the next thing was, who was to reign in his stead? After much deliberation, the fairies determined to appoint a king and queen, so they choose Queen Daylight (daughter of Dawn) and her husband, King Sun.

Ah! then the world seemed very beautiful, for Queen Daylight touched the flowers and trees with a lovely soft light, and when King Sun smiled on the flowers, he tipped them with golden tints, and when he laughed on the waves, inside ripples of gold sparkled on the dancing water.

Now King Night was not yet dead, he was only wounded, so when he had recovered from his hurt, he determined to take his revenge on the fairies who had conquered him, and he sent out his challenge to them to prepare for war.

But Queen Daylight had a very tender heart, and could not bear the idea of a cruel war, so she and her husband went to see the fairies to consult with them the best way of avoiding battle.

After much deliberation, King Sun at last spoke, and this is what he said:

"Dear fairies, it is quite natural that King Night should not like his kingdom taken from him but in order to avoid war, why should we not all reign in our appointed turn, this would give Queen Daylight and myself a time to rest from our own labors."

This idea of the king's was received with enthusiasm and after awhile, King Night and King Dawn were invited to fairy and so that the new scheme should be proposed to them. They both agreed to it, but as King Night was so very black and grim it was decided he must marry, so he consented to give him his sister, Moonlight, for a wife. Then King Night said that he had one proposition to make, and it was this; he thought the change from the bright reign of sweet Queen Daylight to his own solemn reign would be too sudden; would the fairies therefore permit his kinsman Twilight to reign for a short time between the time Daylight and Night appeared on the earth? This was agreed on, and so everything ended happily and peacefully. First King Dawn reigned, then bright Queen Daylight and her royal husband King Sun ruled, then came that gentle king, sweet tender Twilight, and lastly, King Night and his fair queen, beautiful Moonlight. And Moonlight has such a softening influence on her grim husband, that his reign was no longer dreaded—indeed, the inhabitants of the world came to love the peaceful, tranquil Moonlight, for everything she touch shone with a silvery light, and some thought that the earth seemed even more beautiful under her reign than under the golden smiles of the Sun King.

So the kings all reigned peacefully and happily, each one in his proper turn, and the fairies lived on contented in their land, and had no more trouble in the world, for some time at least."

"Ah! there are no fairies and no giants now," says Rosie, shaking her head sorrowfully.

"No fairies like the ones I have told you about," I say, leaning forward, and resting my hand on Willie's curly head. "But there are our household fairies, as well as the household giants, and I'll tell you the names of some. There are the beautiful fairies of Good temper, Patience, Gentleness, Unselfishness, and a host of others to chase away the ugly giants of Bad temper, Roughness, Selfishness, and a great many more, so the best thing you children can do when you don't feel particularly amiable, will be to summon all the fairies to your aid, and fight a good battle against the giants.

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A BOY'S LEISURE HOURS.—What a boy does with his leisure is most important; what he gets in school is mainly drill or exercise; it is a gymnasium to him; he must eat elsewhere. What he does with his spare hours determines his destiny. Suppose he reads history every day or scientific books; in the course of a few years he becomes learned. It matters very little what he undertakes, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit all disappear if he uses his spare time on them. A boy was employed in a lawyer's office and had the daily papers to amuse himself with. He commenced to study French and at that little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspapers and taking up something not so amusing but far more profitable. A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil, but could not read it, and so purchased a Latin Grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally managed all its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day, as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading. "Only a bit of Virgil my lady." "What! do you read Latin?" "A little, my lady." She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years he became a learned man, and was a useful and loved minister in Scotland.

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AN ALARMING DISCOVERY.—A Russian Prince has just had a somewhat exciting experience. He is at the head of the Imperial college for girls, and is very diligent in performing his duties. He lately decided to see for himself whether there were any grounds for the numerous complaints of the poor food furnished at the boarding convent, where 800 girls are educated. Proceeding to the institution just before the usual dinner hour, he avoided the main entrance, and walked straight towards the kitchen. At its door he met two soldiers carrying a huge steaming cauldron. "Halt!" he called out, "put that kettle down." The soldiers, of course, obeyed. "Bring me a spoon," added the Prince. The spoon was at once produced, but one of the soldiers ventured to begin a stammering remonstrance. "Hold your tongue," cried the Prince; "take off the lid. I insist on tasting it." No further objection was raised and his Highness took a large spoonful. "You call this soup," he exclaimed, "why it is dirty water." "It is your Highness," replied the soldier; "we have just been cleaning out the laundry."

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A young man who saw a fellow fall prostrate on the sidewalk in a Western city, drunk and insensible, concluded to make some observations. He accordingly stepped into a dark corner, from which point he could see without being seen. He declares that inside of fifteen minutes six different men passing along and seeing the drunken man lying on the sidewalk, stooped over him and rifled his pockets.

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There is a Justice of the Peace in West Alexandria, Va., who has married 1,400 couples.

# Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 444 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

### ANSWERS.

No. 227. MAROON

No. 228.
RAPPEN
LORIOT
DEPART
GRUND
CAPOTE
MORASS

No. 229. SAPPHIRE.

No. 230.
CARAWAY
ATABAL
RAVEN
ABET
WAN
AL
Y

No. 231. REJOINDER

No. 232.
CHAMPAIGN
ANGELET
TORBO
AIR
M
SEA
ASTER
ICTERIA
LACERTIAN

No. 233. The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

No. 234.
MERITE
FARING
PICARD
SAMARA
LOPERA
REGAIN

No. 235. SECOND-SIGHT.

No. 236.
CASTARA
ASPIRER
SPENCER
TINWARE
ARCADES
REERECT
ARRESTS

No. 237
[illegible]

No. 238
M
BED
MITES
MALAKAB
BILOCULAR
METACETONES
DEBITANTE
SALONAS
RASTS
REE
S

No. 239. NUMERICAL.

To "O. W. L."

A kind of stone is 1 to 4,
Inclusive, reconnect,
In "to", there are no more,
A pen you may expect,
Of WHOLE lay in a goodly store,
And credit will not wreck.

Baltimore, Md. MAUD LYNN.

No. 240. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Disordered. 3. Having hair about the neck. 4. Short notes. 5. A declaration. 6. A factory. 7. A policeman. 8. To appoint. 9. Burst. 10. A metal. 11. A letter.

Baltimore, Md. ASIAN.

No. 241. CHARADE.

In a gilded WHOLE in a Western land,
Near the Mississippi shore,
A man and his FIRST with cards in hand,
Were playing for glittering ore.
And a [illegible] was in each face
As [illegible]
But the winner in that golden race
Was he who held the SECOND.

Fort Clark, Texas. GAMBLER.

No. 242. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. Certain fish. 4. A mold. 5. Included. 6. Omission. 7. Partaking of. 8. Issuing directly from the main stem. 9. A disease in hawks. 10. An animal. 11. A letter.

Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

No. 243. CHARADE.

The point of the fluke of an anchor,
Will gain for me doubtless your rancor:
But to it please add,
(If you see not too mad),
What is oft used to "fish" for the anchor.

A hatchet whose keen edge is carved,
Quite nicely for TOTAL has served.

San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

No. 244. DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A geographical prefix. 3. Robberies. (Rare.) 4. Inherits. 5. Resembling a cathedral. 6. State of being stirring. 7. Arbitrating. 8. A sanctary. (Rare.) 9. To beatify. 10. A wooden pin. 11. A consonant.

Brooklyn, N. Y. DEAR POQUIER.

No. 245. CHARADE.

Whether FIRST is the young of the salmon or trout,
I wish Cerebrationists all to find out.

We're SECOND not owners of riches galore,
Nor that which is reckoned far better—great lore.

Defective our language would certainly be
Without all the vowels—and this one is E.

Where the woodman's true strokes in the forest resound,
My FOURTH—of his axe a symbol—is found.

When soundeth the trumpet for "war to the knife,"
My FIFTH is not tardy in waging the strife.

When Johnny's spanked warmly for playing with fire
It may be inspired to mournfully ire.

A muscular twitching felt on a lad's face,
Though as likely to visit the phiz of His Grace.

To a figure (though not one in dancing) my WHOLE
Doth pertain. I now have exhausted my roll.

Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 246. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A fish. 3. Men. 4. Troubles. 5. Pertaining to wrestling. 6. Pertaining to wrestling. 7. Contended anew. 8. Emulates. 9. Certain numbers at dice. 10. A vessel. 11. A letter.

New York City. WAVERLY.

No. 247. CHARADE.

FRIEND—
I saw a SECOND at the show,
A living thing without a toe.

ROB ROY—
I saw FIRST SECOND at the show,
To all mankind a mortal foe.

SKEEZIKS—
I saw THIRD SECOND at the show,
To which I went with Ancient Joe—
The Quaker City puzzler—Tow-Head, Humbug, Lochinvar & Co.,
About a month or two ago,
In Cincinnati, O-hi-o.

EFFENDI—
I also saw the TOTAL there,
Upon its head no sign of hair.

ROB ROY—
I also saw the TOTAL there
A foe to mortals everywhere.

SKEEZIKS—
I also saw the TOTAL there,
And so did Lochinvar, I swear.
Old Joe and Towhead, worthy pair,
And Humbug, gay and debonnair.
One day when we were on a "tear"—
However, that is OUR affair.

No. 248. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A termination. 3. Young hawks. 4. A Presbyterian. 5. Pertaining to discipline. 6. Named before. 7. Cured. 8. An ancient race of people. 9. Movements. 10. Conducted. 11. A letter.

Columbia, Ohio. THE GENERAL.

No. 249. CHARADE.

[illegible]
I am happy to-day and my spirit is light,
And I move in the Heaven the MYRIAD of bliss
Yet why [illegible] quest to-day am I fraught"
If you'll keep it a secret, 'tis due to a kiss.
They term it a kiss, but no name on this earth
Can express all the rapture it brought unto me:
It but lightly some prize, let it die at its birth,
But the kiss I received ever-treasured shall be.
I received it from SECOND, my beautiful one,
My angel on earth and the one I adore,
The star of her circle, she's equalled by none,
My beautiful LAST o'er will rule my heart o'er.
I gave her a FIRST; of her beauty it told,
Of her rapturous beauty that captured my heart;
But, oh! who could resist those bright meshes of gold?
Ah! Cupid, you sighted and winged well you dart.
Then she gave me a WHOLE, ah! this well-treasured whole,
The most near to my bosom you ever will rest.
Oh! what happiness, bliss, now possesses my soul,
What a fever of joy has been stirred in my breast.
We parted last night to each other more dear,
And we sealed with a kiss then the faith we did plight,
Oh! how long does the time since we parted appear!
It seems near a year, though 'tis only a night.
But that rapturous kiss ever burns in my heart,
The kiss of a seraph one ever must feel;
I've a presage that SECOND and I ne'er shall part,
But, pray this is a secret, do not it reveal.

San Jose, Cal. NIC. O'DEMUS.

No. 250. DIAMOND.

1. In grain. 2. A male nick-name. 3. Certain fishes. 4. Groups of ten. 5. Filthy. 6. Retraction. 7. Interceding. 8. A sectary. (Rare.) 9. To beatify. 10. A Hebrew measure. 11. In grain.

Sedalia, Mo. CAPT. CUTTLE.

### ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

### PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

### SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of May 21st were solved by A. Solver, Odearer, Asian, Gil Blas, Hal Hazard, Comet, Capt. Cuttle, Flowy Ann, Nic. O'Demus, Joe Mullins, Percy Vere, O. C. C., Ia., Ef Fen, Kfandt, Kos.

### PRIZE WINNERS.

1. A. Solver, - - - Kenton, Ohio.
2. Odearer, - - - Towson, Pa.

### ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Hal Hazard—Diamond. My Dot—Reversed Rhomboid, Double Acrostic and Half Square. Asian—Double [illegible] Balfour—Triple Acrostic and Square. Percy Vere—Sketch. Skeezix—Triple Acrostic. Effendi—Sketch.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EFFENDI—Your "Response" is in your usual trenchant style and reaches the point without any meandering. From your rich experience you know just what we need.

HAL HAZARD—Your last Eleven Letter Diamond is intricate, and we are using out of your pile as fast as possible.

PERCY VERE—Your [illegible] Apostrophe to the Editor of the [illegible] is an amusing [illegible] and we are complimented by the receipt of your graceful verses.

ASIAN—Your Crosswords are exact in rhyme, metre, and method, and the explanatory verses are quite an addition.

BALFOUR—We accept the Square and Triple Acrostic. Your work is improving.

[illegible]

MARTIN JAY—And so you have given up "Malted Meshes!" Well it was a good column while it [illegible] flood omitted his idiosyncrasies, and you had some of the best [illegible] in the lists. We regret that [illegible] have [illegible] will the Boys [illegible] whenever you can [illegible]

JAZEY—Hurry up your address.

### THE LILY.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

I had found out a sweet green spot,
Where a lily was blooming fair;
The din of the city disturbed it not,
But the spirit, that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love, was there.

I found that lily's bloom
When the day was dark and chill:
It smiled, like a star in the misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a soft perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
And watched it many a day—
The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away.

I looked where the leaves were laid,
In withering paleness, by,
And, as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
There is many a sweet and blooming maid
Who will soon as dimly die.

## PRESENTED AT COURT.

A YOUNG lady presented at the English Court, writes: Mamma said I must be presented. For my part I think all such things stuff. Girls marry quite as well, it seems to me, whether they have been presented at Court or not. It would be fun enough to go to a ball at Buckingham Palace, but this year, I am told, there are to be none, and mamma says she met her dressmaker and wine-merchant there last time, so they can't be very select. I think there ought always to be a ball, no matter what people's private feelings may be, and when we have all been to Court we ought all to be allowed to dance for joy afterwards. When mamma first suggested to papa that she was going to present me, he made a face: but then papa is a cross old thing, and always does make a face at anything that means—money. But mamma knows how to manage him. She just said, "Very well, my dear, if you don't like it, it sha'n't be," and went off to order my dress. This is what she calls throwing out skirmishers to prepare the way for a political battle. I suppose it is a bore to pay for dresses one cannot have the pleasure of wearing; but, as mamma says, that only shows the selfishness of men. The knotty point was solved; it was to be a lovely white silk, with lots of tulle, lilacs and daisies, and to cost a mint of money. Mamma says the less stuff there is in the gowns the more the dressmakers charge, on the principle of penny-wise, pound-foolish. Just as I was rejoicing to think how well I should look, we had a visit from old Lady Tattlepate. Mamma was dilating upon my dress when that horrid old woman broke in, "Good gracious! the Queen will never like that. Don't you know she can't bear tied back dresses, and would not allow them at the last wedding? No! no! That tonzly fringe, too, you'll have to smooth back, my dear." "My dear!" indeed. How I hated the old beast—rouged and bewigged as she is. I smooth back my beautiful fuzzy fringe that it has taken years to cultivate, and which is the envy of all my lady friends. Not if I know it, madam. I must say mamma behaved very well. She was a beauty in her youth, and is still very good looking, and never forgets that anger spoils the complexion and wrinkles the skin. She thanked old Lady Tattlepate, and promised to pay attention to her suggestions, and when she was gone she said to me, "Would you like to sacrifice your fringe?" "Sooner the drawing-room," I replied; "why, with my hair plastered down I should look like a school teacher or a sister of charity, quite dull and respectable." Mamma smiled. I never can understand her smiles, they are so mysterious. Oh, it was so cold when the great day arrived! I was dreadfully afraid my nose would be red, and no amount of *poudre* can obviate that. It only turns red into violet, and a violet nose reminds one of Guy Faux. However, by dint of running up and down stairs incessantly for an hour to fetch the necessary things, which by the extraordinary perversity of maids always are the exact things they have mislaid, and a few sharp words with papa, which quite made my blood circulate, because he accused me of tight lacing, I kept myself warm. If my waist is only eighteen inches, like that of the Empress of Austria, who every one knows has the finest figure in the world, it is my misfortune, not my fault. But then papa is always so unreasonable. At last we started in such a cloud of tulle, silk and feathers that our dearest friends could see nothing but the tops of our heads, like cabbages growing in a thicket of weeds. I felt horribly nervous, the train and the veil and the volumes of stuff about me bothered me very much and I was not sure how I should make my curtsey. In St. James's street up drove a carriage containing the beauty of the season; how proud and happy she looked, covered with diamonds, and a stupid red-faced husband beside her. That is the price she has had to pay. Ah! well, everything has its price, even a husband. It was awful when we got out at Buckingham Palace. Such beautiful Beefeaters, looking like wax figures, such magnificent creatures in court dresses, white silk stockings and thin legs—I never made out to this day whether they were servants or company. Mamma met a foreign diplomat at the foot of the grand stairs, who insisted on walking up hand-in-hand with her. I suppose it is a foreign fashion. I followed feeling rather dizzy. I quite understand the expression, "nodding plumes," now; there is a sort of sleepy awe creeps over one at these regal ceremonies; every one walks on tip toe; the ladies whisper; one expects to hear of a national calamity every moment. But nothing occurred, except that we all sat, very silent, very nervous, wedged in together, scrutinizing one another's looks and dresses. I thought of the passage in one of Miss Broughton's books where she talks of shoulders. What a show of them there was! the scraggy debutante's rather red, like the raw tips of the first white asparagus; then the full blown matronly, resembling alabaster; then the orange-colored, like over-ripe fruit: then the flabby, like a fat sea anemone; the spotty, the sun-tanned, the bilious-looking, the skeleton, or the fat lady at a fair—all displayed their charms to the uttermost. How I longed to cover up some of the poor old things who tottered in with their poor old skins exposed to the glaring light of day and mocked by a decoration of diamonds; but then of course, etiquette must be attended to; so there we were, all of us, shivering and decolletees. The beauty came in with all her jewels; how they flashed, and how ripe and red her lips looked? I heard mamma whispering to another lady about her, but I could not hear what they said. I am sure it was something scandalous, because they would not let me know it. Presently the crowd moved on. We were all getting tired, so we began to push just like a common mob. Mamma and I got on very well, because she is tall and I have sharp elbows, but one lady sat down, and another, in the surging flood of people, collapsed into her lap. Apparently she found it comfortable, for she did not attempt to move until the human cushion remarked plaintively, "Please get up—I did not come here to nurse you." We all tittered like so many school-girls: in fact, the whole exhibition was very childish. Then we began to push and shove harder than ever. I gathered up all my skirts and set to work with a will. The pin of my veil came out and my bracelet with a bit of Charlie's hair in it fell off. It was such a scramble to find it. Just then a lady fainted. She was a poor, pale-looking creature and was hustled by some of the attendants into another room. And now we were close. One by one we uncurled our tails, and the trains were spread out behind us—"To be presented." I saw a gorgeous official who took my card; an ocean of black plumes and rustling robes and sparkle of diamonds half blinded me. I made a confused curtsey and struggled to kiss the Queen's hand, or she kissed mine, I really can't tell which, made another curtsey, heard a kind of dim murmur like the sea all around me, when suddenly my train was thrown unceremoniously over my arm and I was almost pushed out. It was over. In that brief moment I had received my brevet rank of young lady at the Queen's hands, and had inhaled the atmosphere of royalty. It was very awful and I was very glad to stand still and smooth my ruffled plumes. Mamma said I had got through it very well. My shoe was half off, my gown torn, my hair untidy, my flowers crushed, my veil unpinned and my arms scratched and bleeding, so it must have been a severe skirmish, and I almost felt to have deserved the Victoria Cross. I don't think I was in a worse plight the day my horse made a mistake and I fell into a ditch full of brambles; to be sure a habit is more trustworthy than a court dress, but then I cut my nose. We talked a little, stared a little, and then made the best of our way to the exit. Then began the pleasures of society. With a cutting wind almost sweeping us away we sat shivering on the marble steps waiting for two long hours. Men looked fussed and flurried and called excitedly for their wives' carriages. Women looked pale and cross and tired, and old dowagers grumbled incessantly. Mamma began to scold me—she always does when she is bored—and no one had time to attend to us. I saw lovely dresses on ugly people and beautiful jewels on old ones, and I think that beauty unadorned is not adorned the most. We got home about 6 o'clock. Mamma had tea and then fell asleep and I made up my mind that a gallop out was worth ten drawing-rooms.

## Grains of Gold.

If pride leads the van, poverty brings up the rear.

Absence is the greatest of evils when it isn't the best of remedies.

No one is more profoundly sad than he who is obliged to laugh.

Our actions are our own; their consequences belong to heaven.

Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains.

When fortune caresses a man too much, she is apt to make a fool of him.

That laughter costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decency.

Pedantry consists in the use of words unsuitable to the time, place and company.

In virtue and in health we love to be instructed as well as physicked with pleasure.

The custom of leaving a blank margin on the left hand side of each page of a letter is obsolete.

It is well enough for us to see beautiful illusions in our dreams, but we should walk awake with truth.

To return a personal call with cards enclosed in an envelope signifies that visiting between the persons is ended.

Unless there is a great difference in age, a lady visiting should not rise, either on the arrival or departure of other ladies.

Be very careful, if you regard yourself as the guardian of your honor, that you do not occupy the position of a sinecure.

I know not which of the twain life's man the higher—genius or gentleness; genius lifts him above others, gentleness out of himself.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force itself into that tender part of the soul and dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand indignities.

Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear, without repining, the result.

The end of satire is the amendment of vices by corruption; and he who writes honestly is no more an offender than the physician to the patient when he prescribes harsh remedies.

Don't seek success by trickery or questionable means. The quack may succeed for a while in his humbuggery, but when discovered, as he will surely be, he collapses, and that's the end of him.

That policy that can strike only when the iron is hot, will be overcome by that perseverance which, like Cromwell's, can make the iron hot by striking; and he that can only rule the storm must yield to him who can bote raise and rule it.

When you speak evil of another, you must be prepared to have others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says, "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over."

The great gain is not to shine, not to conquer your companion—then you learn nothing but conceit—but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning. There is a defeat that is useful.

Why should we ever without necessity try to pack our sympathy into anything so narrow and imperfect as language? A silent responsiveness, a diffused and respectful tenderness of manner, is more gratifying, as well as safer, in nine cases out of ten, than any attempt to express sympathy in words.

The Stoics say, "Turn in upon yourselves; there you will find repose." This, however, is not true. Others say, "Go forth from yourselves, and seek happiness in diversion." Neither is this true. Disease will come. Alas! happiness is neither within nor without us! It is in the union of ourselves with God.

## Feminimilies.

Not amiss—A pretty widow.

Canoeing is the latest pastime for English ladies.

At Bolton, England, an Episcopal Church has a woman for churchwarden.

The lady with a new bonnet never likes to hear a clergyman pray for rain.

Twenty-seven daughters cheer the family of a Cleveland, North Carolina, man.

In Morocco the "swell society girls" live on the fat of the land, for obesity is there regarded as a mark of great beauty.

Mash a man's hat and you kill his style. Put a woman's bonnet in your pocket, and it comes out a beautiful thing of fashion.

Forget-me-not's mingled with bows and ends of cream color and Havana brown are used to trim bonnets intended for blondes.

No man ever tell just how much money a widow is worth until he marries her for it. It is one of those cases where you have to take your chances.

Lines found in an album: "It is with women as with coins; the worse counterfeits they are, the more they are forced to put on the appearance of being good.

A young miss says that when a gentleman omits to remove his hat when he meets a lady friend, it is because he dislikes making a public exhibition of the ravages of time.

An American woman living in Paris recently gave a ladies party, to which no men were admitted. The waiters were women, and the entertainment was a performance by actresses.

Two colors appear in the fashionable Parisian stocking, but they are so distributed that the world is none the wiser for one of them. The leg is of one tint, the heel and toe another.

You might as well undertake to put a barn door in your vest pocket as to try to convince a woman that she looks just as well in last summer's suit as she will in something new, fashionable, and altogether "lovely."

Every once in a while we hear of a California woman killing a bear. This is all right. But we challenge anyone to ransack history, and show us where a woman has ever got away with a mouse.

Mrs. Taylor, of Washington, has a piece of Prince Arthur's wedding cake which she received from a Canadian friend to whom the Princess Louise gave it. It is to be hoped that it isn't a very big piece, or the country will be strewn with the crumbs begged from the present possessor.

The kind of clock that Cincinnati girls receive for a wedding gift marks the quarter hour "by a delicious chime so soft and low as to seem like the echo of music heard in a dream, music that softer falls than petals from blown roses on the grass or night dews on still waters—a clock to mark the noiseless foot of time that only treads on flowers." Oh!

A correspondent wants to know if wearing a hat tends to make a person bald. We believe it does. Women don't wear hats, and they are not bald—at least they don't wear them on their heads, and so they are not bald there. Hats destroy hair. A woman's hat is worn on the back of her head, and that is the reason women have to buy so much back hair.

If you were to excuse Miss Adelina de Flukey of overweening self-conceit you would not abash her in the least; she would retort that one had a perfect right to admire the masterpieces of nature. The day after the announcement of her engagement to Fred Dory, an old friend offered his congratulations. "Not me," she said, and she twitched her nose haughtily—"congratulate Fred."

Monograms and crests are still used for what is called decoration on underclothing, although it would be hard to say what decoration there is in a set of letters. It may be necessary that a garment should be marked with its owner's name, and no doubt it is well for the marking to be part of the decoration; but to make it the most conspicuous thing in the design is in as bad taste as it would be for a man to have a door-plate covering his whole front door.

A Virginia lady writes: "And now a few words to the girls who may read this. Be careful to whom you write, and what you write. Many a loving, trusting letter is sent by a true-hearted girl, and is read by the receiver to a laughing crowd of men, and various remarks are passed about the 'silly girl.' I can conscientiously say, on the other hand, that I have never seen nor heard of a girl showing her letters promiscuously, even from a man she did not care for, though they are often shown to one 'dear friend' in strict confidence."

The dearly beloved wife of a Frenchman recently deserted him for another man. Did he follow her, and falling on his knees beseech her, for their children's sake, to return? Did he take down the old double-barrel, shoot his wife and her lover, and knock himself on the head with the stock? Did he set himself up for a misanthrope or woman-hater, or institute a suit against some one for ever so many ciphers damages? Not much. He merely caused it to be published that he had drawn $50,000 in a lottery, and his wife was back next morning before breakfast.

The Chicago *Tribune* says that a young wife of that city who is anxious to keep her husband at home evenings, flatters him about the exquisitely dainty proportions of his feet, and induces him to wear boots about two sizes too small for him. He is on his feet all day long in town, and when he gets home at night she has a soft chair and a pair of loose, cool slippers for him, and by this time he, with great drops of agony pearling on his brow, has got off his boots, comes to the conclusion that there is no place like home after all, and has no desire to go down town to lodge, or to sit up with a sick friend.

A Parisian dressmaker has just finished a pink and blue costume for a French belle, who might pretend to have inherited it from a grandmother beheaded in the reign of terror if she liked, without any fear that the dress would be found to belong to another period of history. The short skirt of this costume was of pink and blue striped foulard, finished by a narrow gathered flounce headed by a fold of blue. The polonaise was of blue foulard printed small bouquets, and its lower edge was bordered with a narrow crosswise ruffle of striped material, headed by blue ruching. The vest was striped, and the hat had a blue lining and feathers, and was trimmed with pink roses.

## Hardline.

Temperance reformers should turn their attention to money it is always tight.

"Lovely woman stoops to folly," when she bends over to pick an absurdly long train.

It is an astonishing fact that a man never gets drunk enough to mistake a church for a saloon.

"A schooner of beer for five cents," is translated by a French paper so as to read, "In America you can get a boat full of beer for five cents."

Beaux on the shoes are fashionable, soliloquized old Hardheart when he kicked Sarah's young man out.

A boy in this town has named his dog Rome, so that by simply twisting the animal's tail he can make Rome howl.

Eight hundred thousand base ball bats are made every year in this country, and that's what becomes of all our forests.

An Ohio tramp left a lady a lock of his hair. It was pulled out by the servant girl as the fellow was climbing out a window.

The flea is the politician of the insect world. He is ever itching for place, creates no end of disturbance, and you never know where to find him.

When a boy sees a nice round smooth stone lying on the ground, he always thinks it rather mean that there isn't a yellow dog in the vicinity.

The small boy may get chilled going in swimming in these early days, but he gets warmed up when his mother finds his shirt on wrong side up.

And now an Indiana man has eaten twenty-four goose eggs on a wager. Good enough; but isn't there something herein smacking of cannibalism?

"Well, how is poor So-and-so?" said some one to So-and-so's friend, a broker. "So-and-so? Why, he's dead, died last night." "Last night!" "Last night," "At what hour?" "10½."

A man who went to Leadville awhile ago and advertised to teach the guitar, was notified by the æsthetic residents that if he didn't leave pretty soon he would guitar and feathers. He left.

Although the word "ovation" seems derived from the Latin ovum, an egg, we hardly suppose that a mob who pelt a poor fellow with eggs can properly be said to give him an ovation.

They have a new way of hatching chickens in the West, by which a single maternal fowl is made to do the duty of a hundred. They fill a barrel with eggs and place a hen on the bunghole.

The chap who sat down on the sidewalk last winter and anathematized the ice now affectionately shakes it up in his cocktail and wonders how mankind could get along without a good ice crop.

A Canadian woman whose husband had rheumatism didn't give him a sand bath, as she hadn't time, but she rubbed him with sand-paper until the friction could be heard all over the village!

Circumstances alter cases. The man who is on the train thinks it tarries too long at way stations; not so the one who is half a block away and coming rapidly towards it when the whistle toots.

An exchange thinks the time will certainly come when men will go flying through the air. And so do we. It will come when three or four men handle a keg of nitro glycerine as a baggage-smasher handles a trunk.

The man who goes fishing and sits in a cramp-inviting posture on a narrow thwart from early morn till dewy eve, and calls it fun, is the same chap that never goes to church because the pews aren't comfortable.

Educate the girls up to a high standard, says an educational paper. Of course, but if mothers would only drop a hint for the dear things, not to cut their corns with their husbands' razors how happily the bark of matrimony would sail.

Elder sister (to little one, who appears to take great interest in Mr. Skibbens) "Come, little pet, it is time your eyes were shut in sleep." Little Pet: "I think not; mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Skibbens were together."

A writer on archery says: "A lady walking through the fields or on unfrequented roads is well protected if she be an expert archer, for a thirty-pound bow might be useful, but a 150 pound beau would be vastly better. The lady could then be all the archer.

"And how does Charlie like going to school?" kindly inquired the good man of the little six-year-old boy, who was waiting with a tin can in his hand the advent of another dog. "I like goin' well 'nough," replied the embryo statesman ingenuously—"but I don't like stayin' after I git there."

The following was heard at a school inspection. The inspector asked young Nokes what a transparent object was. "A body you can see through," was the reply. "Very well; give me an example." "A pane of glass, sir." "Right. Now, Atkins, you give me another example." "A key-hole, sir."

A town in Western New York has a woman undertaker. She complains bitterly of the fickleness of the opposite sex. She says she used to be quite a belle, and had scores of admirers who declared they were willing "to die for her," but since she commenced business not one has been as good as his word.

Milesian Master—Pat! Pat! I say! Oh, there ye are, ye blag-yard! And why, now, didn't ye answer me before, ye spalpeen—and me a-callin' ye this last half hour? Pat—Sure, sor, an' I niver heard ye callin' me, at all, at all. M. M.—Niver heard me! Then why couldn't ye call back at first, and say so, ye thafe o' the world?

The gentleman who attracted attention in church Sunday by crying out, "Holy Moses," had no intention of disturbing the congregation. He had been tacking down carpets the day before, and just as he sat down in his pew he suddenly remembered that he had half a paper of tacks in his coat skirt pocket.

A four-leafed clover discovered in the Park yesterday was worn in her shoe by the fair and fortunate finder on her return down town. The luck it brought she would have preferred to have done without for her pocket was picked in the car, she was too late for supper, and her lover went to the theatre with another girl.

# New Publications.

The June number of Cassell's Illustrated Magazine of Art opens with the third paper on English Portrait Painters, the subject of which is Sir Thomas Lawrence, and gives his portrait and his picture of Lady Blessington. The story of a Duke, is a satirical sketch by Wyke Bayliss. A History of Caricature, is illustrated with Japanese subjects. This is followed by No. I of a series of illustrated papers on Treasure Houses of Art. Our Living Artists is continued with a sketch of and portrait of P. Graham, with illustration of his picture A Rainy Day and Wind. No. 2 is given of the paper on Pictures of the Year, with a variety of illustrations. This is followed by No. IV of the series of American Artists and American Art, which gives a sketch of Charles Robert Leslie and his picture of the Rivals. The remainder of the contents are, an illustrated paper on The Exhibition of the Society of American Artists, and a fine illustration of the statue of the Fife-Player by Giovanni Emanuele.

St. Nicholas for July contains a number of attractions to charm its innumerable friends. Mrs. Mary Parson's story of Dru's Red Sea, begins the list. Lucy Larcom follows with a lovely poem called Nid Nodding. Frank Converse contributes a paper on Dory Fishing. Alice H. Harrington gives an amusing sketch in verse of The Sylvan Party with illustrations. Rossiter Johnson tells about Oliver Goldsmith in Green Covers and Brown. Laura Ledyard gives a happy jingle on Little Elsie. Frank R. Stockton continues his story of A Jolly Fellowship. E. S. T. gives a Talk About Royal Children, with a picture of Charles I and his family in the Royal Barge. Frances Lee contributes a short story about Company to Supper. Prof. Griffis tells about the Blossom Boy of Tokio with a variety of illustrations by Japanese Artists. This is followed by a poem by Mary Bailey Branch called A Poor Little Mother. The Child and the Image a story of an English Cathedral by Monsure D. Conway. Blown Away, a story of what the wind can do by Charles Barnard. Rattle te Bang verses by Mary Wheeler. Two charters containing Susan Coolidge's serial story Eyebright. A Wonderful Child, verses by Hattie S. Russell. Gloves by Sarah Winter Kellogg. Catching the Cat, a poem by Margaret Vandegrift. How to Make a Hammock, by Charles Norton. The Music Department gives a Patriotic March for four hands. How Harold came to Tell Himself a Story is for very little folks. The list concludes with Jack in the Pulpit, the Letter Box and the Riddle Box. Among the illustrations are Discussing the Muzzle Question, by Chips. Hay Foot and Straw Foot, by J. Kelly, and Some Fun with a Toy Spider.

The variety of attractions contained in Wide Awake for July, leaves nothing to be desired, and offers besides its usual interesting features, a sixteen-page supplement of Natural History and celebrates the National holiday with two attractive patriotic stories and a frontispiece in the same spirit called Bunker Hill Revived, illustrating the story of that name by S. H. Woodbury. The other story is about Gen'l Washington and the Rag-a muffins, while another story of similar patriotic reminiscences is The Children's Hour at the Old South, with graphic illustrations by Miss Humphrey. The Fourth of July poem by Clara M. Burban is called The Fire Crackers and Torpedo. Among the other attractions Palmer Cox gives a humorous sketch of the advance guard of summer insects, and illustrates his own poem of The Hen's Adventure, No. VII of the interesting series of Our American Artists gives a sketch of J. J. Enneking with his own pen and ink portrait of himself and study, and his picture of Winter Twilight at Hyde Park, and No. XXIV of the Poets' Home Series, tells about J. Boyle O'Reilly the Irish poet. The three serials The Dogberry Bunch, St. Olaves and Don Quixote, jr., are continued with further interesting developments. The other contents are the following poems, Choosing a Kitten, by Mrs Clara Doty Bates. A Nosegay by Mary N. Prescott. A Bad Fix by Laura Garland Carr. The Way the Rain Behaves, by Annie Preston. Birds of No Feather, by Maggie B. Puke. The True Story about Betsy Prigg, by Annie Downs. Archery for Boys, Thomas Williamson. Frying Lizzie, by D. C. McDonald. Little Barley, Tangles, Music, Lady Bird. The Natural History Supplement is devoted to amusing sketches about Cats, &c. Published by Lathrop & Co., of Boston.

BOOKS.

A new novel, which contains in a striking degree those essentials of a good story—fine plot and well-sketched characters—is Clara and Bebe by the author of His Heart's Desire. The tale is, for the most part pathetic but not maudlin. The two sisters, its heroines, are carefully and skilfully drawn. The book altogether may be cordially praised for the judgment with which it has been handled. Published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price 60 cents.

A very pretty little book of child life is entitled Just One Day. It gives a picture of a day's routine of a mother with her children while her good-hearted but thoughtless better half becomes peevish over their innocent boisterousness. The book is gracefully written, and while its humor is droll and quiet, there is a sweet under current of unobtrusive pathos that lends especial charm to the story as a whole. Published by G. R. Lockwood, New York. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The Popular Handy Volume Series of Appleton is increased by a little volume entitled Geier-Wally, A Tale of the Tyrol, by Wilhelmine von Hillern. It is a wierd and vivid picture of Tyrolese life and one of the most interesting of their German translations. For Sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price 30 cts.

Flitters, Tatters and the Counsellor is the title of a small pamphlet published by Lippincott and written by the author of The Hon. Miss Ferrard. It is one of the most pathetic and realistic stories of three little street waifs the characters of which are drawn directly from nature, and appeal to one's sympathies as well as interest. Price 15 cts.

Practical Boat Sailing, by Douglas Frazer, is the title of an extremely practical little treatise on the management of small boats and yachts, under all conditions, with concise yet intelligible explanations of sea manœuvres and the use of the various parts of sailing gear, accompanied by a short vocabulary of nautical terms. Published in an attractive little volume with a variety of illustrations, it contains every information requisite for such a thorough knowledge of the subject as would enable one to put it into practical use. The subject is so practically handled it should give the manual a wide popularity as a reliable guide in the pleasures and dangers of sailing. Published by Lee & Shepard of Boston, and for sale by Lippincott. Price $1.00.

# News Notes.

E. A. Sothern, the comedian is 51 years of age.

The Prince of Wales is going to Australia.

London has a "Dangerous Driving Prevention Association."

The flour trade of Boston is estimated at upward of $500,000 annually.

John B. Gough is about to start for home. He has delivered 115 lectures in Europe.

Colonel Fair, of the Big Bonanza, is going to the Sandwich Islands for his health.

The Earl of Caithness thinks America "the most interesting country in the world."

The Duke of Bedford has remitted an entire half-year's rent to his agricultural tenants.

Private letters from London state that Miss Thursby's ballad concerts are exceptionally popular.

Mr. John B. Gough has laid the foundation of a coffee palace at Sandgate, England, his birthplace.

Philadelphia has 552 churches, and the number of people who attend them is estimated at 350,000.

The Marquis of Lorne, it is said, is writing a book about Canada, to be illustrated by the Princess Louise.

Long mitts of pale ecru tint are fashionably worn with black and tinted white, as well as with ecru costumes.

Mary Anderson's brother Joseph, a youth of 17, is suffering from the stage fever, and is going to try his luck as an actor.

An East Saginaw grocer has secured a monopoly of the business in his neighborhood by connecting all the houses with his store by telephone.

Hartford has just had a Grand Jury whose average height was 6 feet 1 1 8 inches, and average weight was 195 pounds. The tallest was 6 feet 4 inches.

Edward S. Stokes is dabbling in mining business on the Pacific coast. He is mentioned in a Montana City, Nev., newspaper as selling his interest in one mine for $15 000.

Di Murska, the singer, was made an honorary member of the Grand Army of the Republic at Ithica, N. Y., the other day, and during an intermission in a concert she was presented with a Grand Army badge.

Germany is the only nation in Europe that has no outside territory in which to deposit its over-production; and the German press is full of appeals to the Government for a colonizing policy like that of England.

A man coming out of a Texas newspaper office with one eye gouged out, his nose spread all over his face, and one of his ears chewed off, replied to a policeman who interviewed him: "I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week, an' I went in to see the man who writ it, an' he war there!"

Mlle. Rose who has been giving pedestrian exhibitions in Indianapolis, is a complete wreck. Three times has she suffered from apoplexy, and she recently fell exhausted upon the track. It is estimated that 80 per cent. of the persons who entered this profession are ruined in health, and will die early.

Mr. John Dunn, the ex confidential Minister of King Cetewayo and now interpreter on the staff of Lord Chelmsford, married his seventeenth wife when about to start on the expedition for the relief of Ekowe. He bought her for ten cows. Many of his other wives he got for nothing as presents from Zulu chiefs.

A corporation of London, which so creditably interposed to rescue Epping Forest from the claws of encroaching magnates on its confines, and preserved to London a playground of 600 acres, is now building a free hotel, replete with admirable arrangements, at a favorite point in the forest of which the Duke of Connaught has been appointed Ranger.

It is reported that on his way to Boston this summer President Hayes will visit the grave of his grandfather, Daniel Hayes, who lies in an old cemetery at Granby, Conn. This ancestor of the President once cut off the tail of an Indian dog, and the owners retaliated by carrying him away to the frontiers of Canada, and keeping him a prisoner for two years.

Boston is now being paved with the asphalt block in place of other paving material. This block weighs twenty-one pounds, and is five inches deep and four inches square superficially. Its base is pulverized limestone, which is cemented by asphaltum and crude petroleum. The blocks are struck out by a steam press, and each block has a pressure of fifty tons.

A process has been patented in Germany for retaining the aroma of ground coffee by pressing it into cakes in cast iron moulds. The cakes, like those of chocolate, are crossed by lines that they may be broken into sizes needed for use. The volume of the coffee is reduced to considerable less than one-third of the original bulk. Like chocolate, it is packed in tin foil for preservation.

According to the Paris *Gaulois*, the plague of locust in Caucasus is assuming alarming proportions. The locusts are devouring whole districts, and the price of bread, in consequence, has doubled. At the same time, with the setting in of warm weather, fears of the plague assuming a more violent form are entertained. Incendiarism likewise continues, and panic grows among the officials.

The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use Hop Bitters with safety and great good.

A Cincinnati manufacturer died nine years ago. His business had been prosperous, and it was supposed that his estate was worth $50 000; but his widow could find only about $20 000, which she invested unfortunately, and nearly lost. Lately she became needy, and a son visited her to arrange for a removal to his home. In packing her effects he discovered $30 000 in good railroad bonds, in which his father had invested.

While in London the Empress of Germany dined with the Duke of Bedford, whose brother is English Ambassador at Berlin. At this party the Countess Stanhope wore "raven's wing satin," opening in front over a plastron of white satin, in folds. Countess Karolyi (Hungarian) had a bodice and train of black silk, over a petticoat of gold-colored silk, and a broad *ceinture* of yellow silk, fastened on one side by a diamond buckle.

According to the story of the Baltimore *American*, a North Carolina widower has been arrested while attempting to sell a set of false teeth belonging to his deceased's wife's estate, to procure funds for the purchase of a suit in which to marry a second wife.

A jeweler in South Royalston, Vt., spied on the finger of a highly esteemed young lady who was shopping in his store, a ring that had been stolen from his stock. She told him in response to his inquiries, that it had been given to her by a boyish suitor. This led to the discovery of a society of thieves, sons of respectable parents. The boys had secret signs, passwords, and oaths, after the manner of a body they had read about in a dime novel and had committed several burglaries.

When the Zulus rushed in on the small British detachment of Col. Wood, and while there was yet an open road in one direction, Col. Weatherly, an English cavalry officer, clapped his son, a boy of 13 who was with him on horseback, kissed him, and told him to fly for life. The lad jumped from the saddle, striking the horse a lash which sent it galloping off, and said: "Father I'll die with you." The father handed his revolver to the child just as the Zulus reached, over British bodies the spot where they stood. Weatherly slew five Zulus before he fell, but the son was killed at once.

Mount Hood, in Oregon, after several years of quiet, is again exhibiting signs of activity. A cloud of smoke was recently seen hanging below the snow line, which was supposed to issue from an old crater on the southwest side, some distance below the summit. Fifteen years ago the same phenomenon appeared upon a wintry day, when the sky was without a cloud to fleck it, and the smoke streamed northward in a dense black mass. During the late exhibition the cloud hung about the mountain over two hours, twisting and writhing about with the movement of the winds.

The divers of the Wreck Recovery and Salvage Company are now actively engaged at the Pomerania and Groseer Kurfurst, which were lost by collision off Dover and Folkestone. They have removed the many obstructions which they had to contend with on approaching the mail room of the Pomerania, and hope in a day or two to bring the mails and the treasure to light. The Groseer Kurfurst was visited lately and the divers have ascertained that her position has not changed. They hope to raise one of the large guns within a short time, and the work is progressing for the ultimate raising of the vessel.

Arizona is a lively place of residence, and in some respects rivals even Texas in the matter of pure excitement. The other day, at Phœnix, a large crowd had assembled to witness a horse race, when a Mexican, with the laudable, but disordered idea, of avenging the death of a brother who had been killed by somebody unknown while robbing a stage near Tucson a short time before, mounted a mustang, and taking a run of a thousand yards, dashed into the crowd with an old cavalry sabre four feet long, with which he slashed away indiscriminately, badly wounding four men, and making his escape at the other end of the town.


### Fresh Supplies of Vitality

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

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# Ladies' Department.

## FASHION NOTES.

SUMMER dress and summer lingerie, as it were, seem to be by far the most prominent subjects which absorb feminine attention just now, and one sees and hears on all sides preparations for pleasant summer wanderings by the sea or among the mountains. 'Tis the season when the subject of dress is divided into manifold questions of importance, each one having its special features and requirements to accord with that distinctive style given by Fashion to costumes appropriate for certain occasions. First, we have the "traveling dress," which, by its own peculiar style, is marked as especially adapted for one's wear in boat or cars, and while characterized by an elegrant simplicity, is conspicuously devoid of those elaborate features which Fashion accords to costumes for home wear, garden fetes, and occasions for more dressy toilettes. In contrast to the simple traveling dress, we have the infinite variety of elaborately made costumes of silk and the various thin materials. I must not omit the "bathing dress," which with many holds a prominent place in their preparations for a summer trip away from home, and last, but not least, in these preparations are the innumerable articles of lace and fine India mull, or gauze, which form the many charming accessories to one's toilette, and help so much to fill up any deficiencies in dress. All these articles occupy a large space in Mr. Wanamaker's Grand Depot, which every day attracts a crowd of shoppers completing their finishing purchases for their summer journeying.

We will begin our inspection with a glimpse at the costume department, in which the following may be accepted as a type of the general style and prices of the ready-made costumes:

In costumes for traveling, I may mention an inexpensive variety of materials, of which were soft shades of gray and bege mohairs, buntings, and all-wool debeges, consisting of a trimmed skirt with simple and graceful drapery, the corsage, a coat basque with vest, the trimming, pipings of a contrasting color, the prices varying from $5.00 upwards; one especially notable of silver gray mohair, with blue pipings, was marked $7.50. A simpler grade of traveling dress was a variety of gray linens trimmed with bands of dotted percale, or piping of a strong material, skirt, overskirt and basque $4.50 and upwards. Next to these was a large variety of pin striped silks, made with a stylishly draped skirt and coat basque, the colors of which were all the dark shades; these are sold complete in all sizes for $13.00, and are especially recommended for a cool light summer costume suitable for general wear. In wash materials the variety of ready made costumes is very large, and one can find a pretty stylish dress to suit the most moderate purse. They are trimmed with lace and embroidery, or knots of ribbon; the materials are the pretty Queen Anne chintzes, the madras ginghams in checks and stripes, and the momie cloths and satteens. The style in which they are made is the short trimmed skirt and panier drapery, and half-fitting basque or coat with vest, and they can be found dressy enough for summer parties, or simple enough for morning wear. The prices begin at $2.25 for a chintz dress, and increase to $10 and $12, at which price a parasol to match is inclosed.

The fine organdies, figured and plain, are to be had in white, all the delicate shades of blue, rose, cream, mauve and wood brown; these are elaborately made with a full panier drapery over a trimmed skirt, to which is added a basque; the trimming of all consists of Valenciennes or Breton lace, and insertion, with little knots of two or three colored ribbons. These are made especially adapted for garden parties or summer evening wear, and the prices are from $15.00 up.

An especially pretty costume for such occasions was of white Swiss, with a small embroidered figure; the pleated ruffle on the short underskirt was edged with Valenciennes lace, the overskirt draped falls across the front, and trimmed on the sides with wide lace and insertion; the drapery in the back formed a succession of soft puffs caught by blue satin bows. The basque was edged with wide insertion and lace, which extended also up the back and front, elbows, and sleeves, with full ruffles of lace and blue satin bows. This was $28.

For persons seeking a thin white costume of simpler design and more moderate price, I noticed a variety of white nainsook and bishop lawn costumes; one marked $5.00, consisting of skirt, overskirt, and basque, was prettily trimmed with Torchon lace, while another, with pleated ruffles and Hamburg insertion, was $7.00. One with elaborate trimming of embroidery and tucks was $10; while in white nainsook wrappers made in the princesse form, the price was as low as $3.00. With such a variety of material and prices, one would have no difficulty in supplying the articles of dress necessary for a summer outfit, which would not be complete without a light shawl of some pretty shade. Beginning as low as 50 cents for a woven Shetland shawl, to be had in all shades, the next price is $1.00, all of which have a ball fringe. The prices increasing to $2.00, and up to $6.00. All of these have a pretty fly fringe, and are to be had in all shades. The real lace Shetland shawls, very fine and fleecy, in different colors, can be had from $4.50 to $6.00. Another pretty style of summer shawl for $3.50, is of *zig wool* with a fringe; the colors are pink, cream, blue, gray and black. For a light summer wrap there is nothing prettier than the "Fayal" shawl. It is like a cobweb in texture, and forms a pretty covering for the head or shoulders, its delicate cream, blue, gray and rose tints being more especially becoming, while the prices are as low as $3.00. They have them also in black which is very desirable. A warmer wrap consists of a gay striped Algerian material, the stripes being alternately white snow-flecked and colored satin, these vary from $5 up to $10. A very useful wrap is a knitted zephyr sleeveless basque extending quite deep below the waist, the colors are blue, white and cardinal and the prices only $1.50. I may mention also, the long zephyr circulars with wide ball fringes, in pretty shades of cardinal and blue and white, the prices ranging from $1.50 to $2.50. A popular shawl is the real India Chuddah in soft shades of cream, blue, cardinal gray and biege; these are sold for $11, $12 up to $20. A want which has been felt by many is now supplied by a pretty lace Shetland shawl in gray and black, suitable for Friends and mourning wear. These are marked at $1.00 up to $5.00. Before leaving the subject of shawls, I may add that I noticed among the assortment some very pretty black lama lace shawls as low as $5.00 and some striped India camel's hair shawls as low as $3.0.

In conclusion here is a very pretty Parisian walking-dress which I recommend for elegance and simplicity. You make a short round skirt of black Indian cashmere, and this you trim round with two plaitings of black satin. In front is an apron of black satin, edged on each side with a frill of black lace and black satin bows within the folds of the lace. The back of the skirt at about the height of the knee is gathered together and fastened by a large bow of black satin. Over this a casaquin of black cashmere, reversed with black satin. Black satin collar, pockets and sleeve cuffs. And with this a capote of black lace mingled with jet and a bouquet of flowers on one side. A very original toilette was of corn batiste, with three scarfs of blue velvet starting from the waist on the left side, and ending at the edge of the skirt, where full ruches of Breton lace fall over a pleating of velvet headed by batiste. The paniers were of batiste, and draped by narrower scarfs of velvet; a large velvet bow ornamented the basque of the deep jacket; the collar and cuffs were of blue velvet, and a quaintly made jabot of Breton lace completed the toilette.

It is not to be wondered at that since the costumes of Watteau shepherdesses are so much in vogue, those of Dresden china shepherdesses should also be copied; a lovely and picturesque costume of this description is of pale blue batiste; on the skirt are three double flounces, headed by gangings; the tunic of Pompadour gauze with little tiny bouquets draped on the hips under large ribbon bows. The front is of gathered batiste, a bouquet of flowers is worn at the side.

Dressing dresses are made in black, grenadine blue, brown, ruby, or dahlia, the most elegant are of velvet and gauze Pekin, with a silk skirt in the same shade as the gauze. The gauze trimmings are placed on this silk skirt; black gauze dresses are ornamented with jet, loops of satin ribbon, and quantities of lace in coquilles and thick beaded ruches. Colored toilettes are trimmed with daisy fringe in the same shade; this fringe is exceedingly light, and the dresses are completed by a flounce of the softest tulle, or point d'esprit net, worked with beads to match. Dinner dresses are also made of gauze Pekin, the low bodice ornamented with satin, forming a very sharp point in front of the corsage; bouquets are placed on the paniers and on the corsage.

### Fireside Chat.

THE following recipes are seasonable and very good, and I hope will find a place in the Fireside Chat:—

Strawberries.—Procure fine large strawberries and to each pound allow one pound of sifted sugar, put part of the sugar on a large dish. As you hull the berries, lay them on the sugar until it is covered; then scatter more sugar over them, hull more berries and put over them the sugar. Continue until the berries are all ready for the kettle. By the time the strawberries are hulled, there will be juice enough to preserve them in without adding any water, which spoils this delicate fruit. Put them over the fire in a preserving kettle and cook gently for twenty minutes or until clear, skimming off the froth thoroughly. When done, pour into jars and screw the covers on when cold.

Preserving Cherries.—Take either morellas or fine large pie cherries, take out the pits and save all the juice, weigh them and allow three quarters of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit, put them with the juice into the preserving-kettle, and set them back on the fire where the heat will dissolve the sugar, then bring them to a boil and cook gently for about twenty minutes, skimming gently the froth as it rises. Take the fruit out and half fill the jars, and let the syrup boil fifteen or twenty minutes, and pour over the fruit filling the jars. When cold screw the lids on tight.

To Preserve Cherries in Bunches.—Select some cherries and make them into bunches. Then boil them in a syrup, made with an equal weight of sugar, and the smallest possible quantity of water to dissolve it. Take the vessel from the fire and skim it, and let the cherries become cold. Then place them in the syrup into a warm oven, and let them remain until next day. Afterwards take them out and dry them.

Candied Cherries.—Select some fine cherries, and place them in strong syrup, boiled down until ready to candy. When covered with sugar, take them out, and place them in a warm oven to dry.

Dried Cherries.—Remove the stones and place the fruit in an oven very moderately heated. Let them remain in it until the oven is cold, and if necessary, repeat the process.

Cherry Brandy.—To a gallon of brandy add eight pounds of black cherries, two drachms each of cloves and mace, together with a handful of mint, balm, and clove gilliflowers. Let them remain in the spirit for twenty-four hours, then remove the fruit, crush and replace the cherries in the brandy. Now let them remain for a few weeks, then strain the spirit and sweeten it for use.

Cherry Drink.—Remove the stones from a handful of ripe cherries, bruise them, and let them steep in a pint of water. Let them stand for some hours, then strain, and sweeten with two ounces of loaf sugar.

Pineapple.—Procure fine large pineapples, pare them, and pick out with a sharp-pointed knife all the black specks which you will see after paring. Weigh the fruit, and allow three quarters of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Pick the pineapple in shreds, with a fork, saving the juice as it drops. Put all into the preserving kettle together with the sugar and boil gently for half an hour or longer until the fruit is perfectly clear, skimming off the scum. Fill the jars and set aside until perfectly cold, and screw the covers on.

Raspberries.—Weigh the fruit, and if you desire a rich jellied preserve, allow a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit except one; take that one pound of fruit and mash it in the kettle as fine as possible; then strain it through a jelly bag, squeeze out every drop of juice, set it aside, wash the kettle and wipe it dry; return the juice to the kettle and put the sugar in it. When the sugar is all dissolved put in the fruit and boil it quite fast for twenty minutes, skimming it well; then fill your jars, and let them stand in a cool place for twenty-four hours uncovered; then close them air tight and set away. Strawberries may be preserved the same way.

Raspberry Ratafia.—Brandy may be flavored with raspberries by placing the fruit in a large jar, crushing it, pouring the brandy over it, letting it macerate for a month, and then straining off the clear liquor.

Raspberry Ratafia may also be prepared by the addition of the juice of raspberries to the brandy.

Raspberry Drops.—Boil a pound of lump-sugar with a little water until it is ready to candy; then add the same weight of raspberries, previously bruised. Mix them well together, then drop them on plates, and dry the drops in a warm place. If washed, the seeds may be removed from the raspberries by straining them.

Raspberry and Currant Marmalade.—Pick some very ripe red currants and some raspberries, soak them in boiling water until they break, and drain them. When cold, pass the fruit through a sieve to separate the seeds, and then boil them down with an equal weight of loaf sugar.

Raspberry Drink.—Bruise some picked raspberries in water, to which a sufficient quantity of sugar has been carefully added. Then strain the raspberries through a cloth, which should be squeezed strongly to express as much of the juice from the fruit as possible.

Fruit without Sugar for Winter Pies.—This is for cherries, gooseberries, currants, blackberries, and other small fruits. Put the fruit closely packed into wide-mouthed bottles; take only such as are whole and without blemish, and shake them down closely; have new corks to fit loosely, put them in the bottles, and set the bottles in an oven slightly warm, for five hours; the more slowly they are done the better. When the fruit has begun to shrink in the bottles, and is thoroughly warmed through, take the bottles out and fasten in the corks perfectly tight. Set them on a rack with the heads down, and they will keep for years.

Something about Milk.—The fatty corpuscles of which milk is composed make it susceptible to any malarious influence that may be abroad in the air, or in the vessels in which it is placed. The least experienced know that the utmost cleanliness and purity are indispensable conditions in all dairy matters. But it is very doubtful whether in ordinary households sufficient precautions are taken to preserve the milk from impurities. It is more often than not poured into a basin or jug, and, without any cover, is stood within the reach possibly of all sorts of commodities, which may or may not be giving forth all sorts of objectionable exhalations. The oily nature of milk is particularly prone to absorb not only the smell, but the constituent elements, the mysterious, the infinitesimal, invisible particles of which the smell is composed. Just as pure oil rapidly absorbs, and is used by perfumers for absorbing the most delicate scents of flowers, so milk acts with regard to whatever atmosphere it is exposed. How frequently it is not the case in houses where regular dairy accommodation is impossible, for us to be sensible of a strange flavor in our tea? we smack our lips, smell, and begin to investigate, and at last we find that the old taste is due to the milk; it is not bad in the sour sense of the word, but there is a taint about it, an unpleasant indescribable something, palpable alike to nostrils and palate. This something may, or may not, be unwholesome, that is a chance, but it certainly is unpleasant; there is no doubt about that, and the secret of it lies simply, in nine cases out of ten, in the circumstance that the milk has not been kept in a pure atmosphere. Along with the knowledge that it should be stored in a cool place, goes the notion that by exposing a large surface of it to the air we allow cream to accumulate; and, of course, this notion is well founded in the abstract, but if with the cream we also allow other elements to accumulate, we had better sacrifice the cream; therefore, only in the purest dairy like atmosphere is it ever wise to allow milk to stand uncovered. When it has been boiled, it is less sensitive, less readily affected, but then it has parted in the same degree with some of its nutritive properties, and for the same reason it will keep sweet longer; its delicate, subtle charms of flavor, freshness, and value, have been, so to speak, paralyzed.

In answer to J. C. B.'s inquiry for a good recipe for canning corn and peas, I think I can supply a reliable one for corn:—

The corn is sliced from the cobs and put in the cans; the cans are sealed up, placed in baths, and boiled two hours; they are then taken out, and each can is perforated with an awl to allow the steam-confined air to blow off, and the instant the outward current ceases, they are resealed and then subjected to a boiling of four hours. This the whole of it. The difficulty is in the manipulation, and not in the obscurity of the process.

Down East.

A young Massachusetts lady, Miss Lulu Loomer, has excelled Madame Anderson's record as a walker, it is said, having done still better than 2,700 quarter miles in 2,700 quarter hours.

The Emperor of China is the stoutest monarch in the world and the Emperor of Germany the tallest, though even he can only boast of seventy-two inches, while his nephew, Prince Adalbert, stands six feet six inches in his stockings.

It is reported that the belles of the present season in London are Lady Lonsdale, Lady Mandeville, and Mrs. Paget, the last two Americans and all three married ladies. The girls of the period are to be pitied. Notwithstanding the efforts attributed to them to enhance their charms, the young frisky matrons carry all before them.

# Answers to Inquirers.

J. J. (Plaquemines, La.)—Napoleon I. died of cancer in the stomach.

A. M. C. (Bedisberg, Pa.)—We have no need of anything of the kind you mention.

M. (Pike, Ky.)—It is so completely a matter of taste that we are really quite unable to answer the question.

CLUMSY, (Allegan, Mich.)—You could not learn to dance well by book. It would be better to go to school, even at a great distance.

C. (Fall River, Mass.)—Under the circumstances which you describe it would be presumptuous in you to pay your addresses to the young lady.

K. K. (Richmond, Va.)—Tell him plainly that he must choose between you and the other girl. If he continues his flirtation with her then let him go.

DIR., (Phila., Pa.)—The Baptist Missionary Society was organized in England, in 1792, under the lead of William Carey, who was also its first missionary.

C. P. (Hackneyville, Ala.)—We think that you had better not have anything to do with the firm. It is hardly possible that they can send a genuine article at that price.

R. A. P. (Baltimore, Md.)—We believe that the gentleman died about two years since, but are not certain. 2. The publication spoken of has, we think, ceased to exist.

H. S. (Grangeville, Cal.)—The handwriting is particularly good, but it would be even better if the distinction between the upstrokes and the downstrokes were more marked.

T. C. S. (Bullitt's Bayou, La.)—The advertiser is entirely reliable and the instrument, though more in the nature of a toy than a substantial article, is well worth all that is asked for it.

CLEONA, (Ida., Mo.)—The poem is entirely too long. We cannot possibly make use of any over four or five stanzas in length. If your others are longer than this it is needless to send them on.

J. (Houston, Minn.)—Our advice is that, like a dutiful boy who is still an infant in the eyes of the law, you should obey your mother, and not get married until you are twenty-one years old.

G. A. (West Phila., Pa.)—A minor on arriving at age, may repudiate or confirm, at his own option, a contract made while under age, unless for necessaries, in which case his estate would be holden.

CONSTANT READER, (Gowrie, Iowa.)—Rub the ink spots with oxalic acid and they will be removed. Be careful in its use, however, as it is a deadly poison. Diluted muriatic acid will also remove them.

W. W. (Norwood, Va.)—A pound of flour usually produces one pound and a quarter of bread; a barrel of flour, therefore, weighing one hundred and ninety-six pounds, would make two hundred and forty-five pounds of bread.

J. G. P., (Phila., Pa.)—Chicory is the root of wild endive, and is extensively cultivated in Holland, Belgium and Germany, whence it is imported largely for the purpose of adulterating coffee. American bole, a red, clayey mineral, is employed as a coloring agent.

B. (New York, N. Y.)—A man that has been in the habit of drinking may be cured by temporarily going to an asylum for inebriates. There are also instances of voluntary and permanent reform, but the chances of a relapse after the habit has once been formed are very great.

U. (W. Va.)—Why did you not tell the exact truth to your friend at the start? Had you done so, all trouble would have been saved. The best way to get out of the scrape now, would be to let your friend have his own way in the adjustment of the affair, as you would lose nothing in any event.

I. (Charlestown, S. C.)—It seems to us that you were unduly severe with the tardy young man, who gave a reasonable excuse for his delay. It must have been very mortifying for him to be so coldly received, and he showed he wished to regain your approbation by calling again. If he should call again try to be less cool and unbending.

DISPUTE, (Camden, N. J.)—"The City of Boston," which was next afterwards heard of, left New York January 25, and Halifax, N. S., on the 28th of Jan., 1870. There were twenty-seven cabin passengers from New York, forty-seven from Halifax; the officers and crew numbered one hundred, total on board two hundred and thirty-one. The steamer belonged to the Inman line.

O. (Madison, Ark.)—According to one prescription an infusion of horseradish in milk makes one of the safest and best cosmetics. Another preparation for cleansing the skin, if assisted by gentle aperient medicines, is the juice of house-leek, mixed with an equal quantity of cream. All contrivances, however, to answer this purpose are absurd and nugatory if the inward state of the body be neglected.

NOT NEM, (Platte River, Col.)—To learn the Spanish language rapidly and pleasantly you will need a grammar, reading book, and dictionary, which may be procured quite cheaply new or second-hand. It is against our rule to advertise such matters in this column, but if you forward us a postal card addressed to yourself, we will give you the price and titles of the best works and where they may be procured.

W. (Anderson, Tenn.)—Candidly, we think that all your parents objections are well grounded—especially that which applies to the "occasional intemperance" of your suitor. Do not deceive yourself; a lover who would so far forget himself as to drink too much in the presence of one whom he styles the object of his affections, will not scruple to gratify his propensity to liquor when the marriage-knot is tied. Your parents are not too particular; they are only properly prudent.

V. (Darke, O.)—The orders of nobility in Great Britain are dukes, marquises, earls, barons, and viscounts. There are subordinate designations by courtesy. The sons of peers, for example, always bear the second title of the family, if there is one; while the younger sons receive the appellations of "lords," if the paternal rank be not under that of an earl. The sons of barons and viscounts are merely styled honorable. There is also the title of baronet, signifying a baron of lesser degree, and the next lower dignity is that of knight.

F. W. L., (Caswell, N. Y.)—We are inclined to think that your conceit has led you into error in regard to the two young ladies to whom you refer. No man of refined feelings, or good taste, or of true manliness of character, would boast that he can marry either of two ladies, who had been in the habit of meeting him with friendliness and hospitality. It is certain that you do not truly love either of the two young ladies with sufficient singleness of heart to warrant you in marrying her, or else you would have no difficulty in coming to a decision in regard to the matter.

N. (Cumberland, N. C.)—We have no knowledge of any such monument. The compass is usually ascribed to Flavio Gioja, a Neapolitan sailor, about the year 1302. Others say that Marco Polo, on a voyage from China in 1260, brought the invention with him. It is also claimed that the Chinese Emperor Hoang-ho had knowledge of the compass 2,634 years before Christ. Fanchette relates some verses of a poet who lived in France A. D. 1250, which seem to make mention of the compass under the name of mariner's stone, which show it to have been used in France nearly one hundred years before the time of the Venetian. The French also lay claim to the invention from the fleur de-lis with which all nations still distinguish the north point of the card. All that can positively be said about the matter is that it is in doubt.

BOOKWORM, (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—H. W. K., of Calamus, Iowa, sends us the following in answer to the inquiry about the expression "Your need is the greater:" When Sir Philip Sidney was being conveyed mortally wounded from the battlefield, he asked for water, which was presently brought him in a bottle, but seeing a wounded soldier fix his eyes imploringly upon him, he handed him the bottle, saying, simply, "Thy necessity is greater than mine!" Of Eustace de St. Pierre we have the following to offer: At the siege of Calais, in 1347, after a stubborn resistance of the French against the attack of the English forces under King Edward III., the latter, with a view to conquering the spirit of his enemy, announced that six of the principal citizens of Calais should be let out for execution. The first to offer himself for the sacrifice was Eustace de St. Pierre, who was quickly followed by hosts of others eager to emulate his patriotism. When the required number had been chosen, the King, much dissatisfied at this unexpected action, demanded to know if the chosen six were the principal men of Calais, and he was assured by Sir Walter Manny that they not only represented the first men of Calais, but of France. By his Queen's advice, Edward III. not only spared their lives, but honored them with presents.